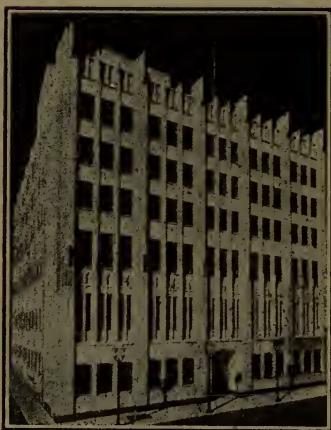




Max Lumina

1938

Specialized Training for _____ Careers in Commerce



•
A MODERN
COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
IN A
MODERN OFFICE
BUILDING
•

Health - Comfort - Quietness - Study

Every provision has been made for the convenience, comfort, health and safety of students; a fully qualified and experienced faculty—modern office desks and chairs—up-to-date equipment — noiseless typewriters — restrooms — cafeteria — hospital — scientific lighting — air conditioned lecture rooms — fireproof building — well controlled program of extra curricula activities.

ANGUS School of Commerce

MANITOBA TELEPHONE BUILDING
(Entire fourth floor)
WINNIPEG - MANITOBA



Vox Fluminis

RIVERBEND
SCHOOL for GIRLS
WINNIPEG - - CANADA



RIVERBEND STAFF

Top Row—Miss Coke, Miss Edgar, Miss MacKinnon, Mrs. McDowell, Miss McHattie.

2nd Row—Miss Burns, Miss Crawshaw, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Dempsey, Miss Sheffield, Miss McAdoo.

1st Row—Miss McLeod, Mrs. Munroe, Miss Gregory, Miss Carter (Headmistress), Miss Grant,
Miss Laing, Mrs. Campbell.

EDITORIAL STAFF OF VOX FLUMINIS

Editor	PEGGY CAMPBELL
Assistant Editors	{ PAT MURRAY
	{ LOUIE LEISTKOW
Business Managers	{ MARGARET GRABAN
	{ MARY ROSE MACKENZIE
Photography and Humor	FERNE LOUNT
Social	ANNA MAY COGILL
Sports	SHIRLEY McLEAN

ROOM REPRESENTATIVES


Grade IX	ANNE COLYER	Grade VII	HELEN McLEAN
Grade VIII	MARGARET WINSTANLEY	Grades V & VI	BETTY JOHNSTON

Editorial

AS IS traditionally remarked, the editing of the School magazine is a lot of work, well-tempered with a good deal of fun. As this year's Editor, we again make this very true if rather hackneyed remark—heartily agreeing with it—up to a point—the point where we have to begin to write our editorial. There the fun ends! For you see, an editorial is a very difficult article to write. There must be certain customary sayings in it that are always said, and which the general reading Riverbend always expect—the fun, the work, the failure to begin early enough and a crowd of other such clichés. Into this one must also work touches of gay humour and sly wit, all bound together in the most polished sample of our own inimitable style. That is the task that now confronts us. 2B or not 2B—as the slightly inebriated gentleman remarked before his suite door. Well, yes, we rather feel that the editorial is to be. And, hoping, though with little conviction, that it will not be an unoriginal one (and feeling by this very remark most unoriginal)—here goes.

There *was* a desperate last-minute rush and the usual forgotten articles. We do want to thank all those who combined to make this magazine what we hope will be a success, that is, the Council of course, Miss Grant, our business manager, all our advertisers and also Peggy Murray who, though not a member of the magazine staff, gave us such valuable assistance. And—we *are* glad our editorial is finished. Or—almost finished. For we have not yet mentioned the new departure of our magazine—its different cover and colour scheme in recognition of the School's change of uniform. We feel that we are setting a new tradition of “grey and scarlet” for *Vox Fluminis*, and for this reason our magazine is very significant, though we're not quite sure of what—unless, of course, its significance lies in the appropriateness of the colours. You see we're “grey” with work before the magazine appears, “scarlet” with embarrassment afterwards. However, hoping you will not be repulsed by this rather feebly facetious article, we will take no further space but present instead—our 1938 *Vox Fluminis*.

Principal's Letter



Dear Girls:

Today we welcome the first edition of *Vox Fluminis* with our new crest. This crest was designed by the late Mr. Douglas MacKay and is illustrative of Riverbend—the white pillars of the house itself and the seagull—happy reminder of our beautiful location on the bank of the river. Some day we shall have an appropriate motto to add to our crest.

Examinations are over for our Old Girls at the University; we hope that they liked their papers: and before long our senior grades will be beginning their final tests. We wish them all success.

May I express my heartiest congratulations on this magazine to Miss Grant, to Peggy Campbell, the editor, and to her very efficient staff. They have worked very hard to make it a success, and I am sure they will be satisfied with the result.

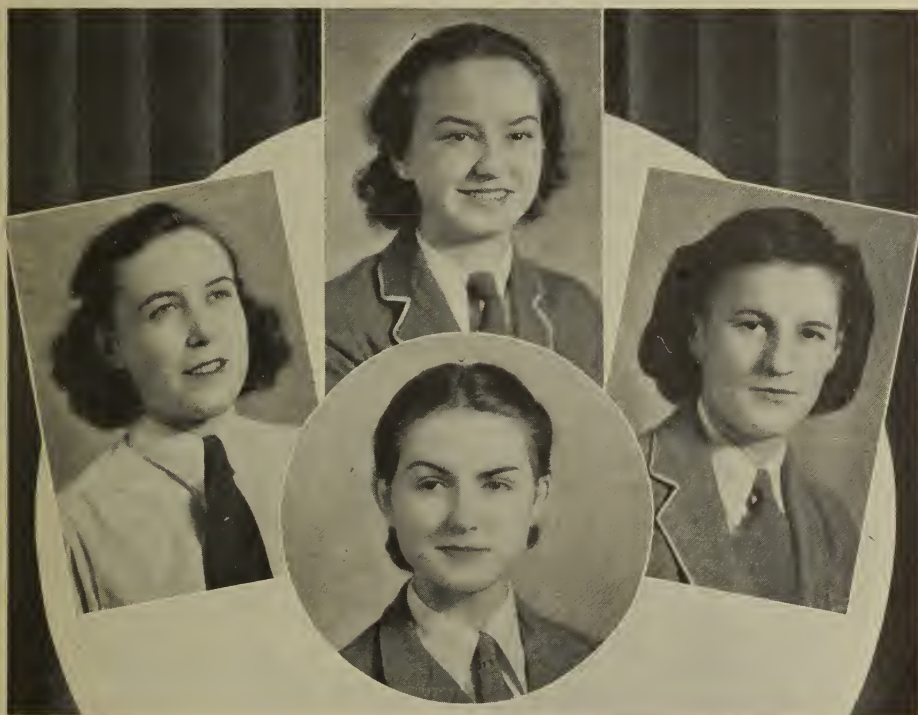
Yours affectionately,

J. MAY CARTER,
Principal.

R S

CLASS NOTES

R S



Peggy Campbell

Eleanore Troup
Maurine Stuart

Beth Willson

GRADE XII

Four little girls in a little wee room,
 Four little girls and a little teacher, too.
 "Work," says little Edgar.
 "We work," say the four.
 So they work and sometimes giggle till
 their little sides are sore.

Four little girls in a little wee room,
 Four little girls and a little window, too.
 "Use me," says the window.
 "We use you," say the four.
 So they fill the little window ledge—it
 can't hold any more.

Three little girls in a little wee room,
 Three little girls and little Peggy, too.
 "Class notes," says little Peggy.
 "Ah, class notes," say the four.
 So they classed and they noted until it
 was a bore.

Three little girls in a little wee room,
 Three little girls and little Eleanore, too.
 "Come to tea," says little Eleanore,
 "And we'll see what we can do."
 So they tea-ed and they haha-ed, but
 they don't know what to do.

YE OLDE CURIOSITY SHOPPE

YEA, and there were four damsels. Fair they were, and wise beyond their years. Yea verily, and a nomad (no puns) race were they, removing themselves from the higher realms of the twelfth grade to the lowly abode of the five and six. Yea, to the lowly five and six went they, once but a bare kitchen, but now—how changed! Ride with us, oh my friends, into the realms of imagination, and glance into the group of maidens assembled there. And lo, there are four girls—asleep? Nay nay, at work. At work, they are, and verily wan with the strain. First there is Beth Willson, snug is she in her secluded corner. “Little Beth Corner” we call her (though, in truth, ’tis but our fun) who warbleth so sweet in the Springtime (or at any other time except when she’s requested, for a modest lass ’tis she). Then comes our Eleanore (Troup), a fanatical gleam of learning in her eyes. She thinketh, not sure now mark you, but maybe, that is perhaps, she may have attained her geo-

metry sum. Smile we and say, “Still waters run deep.” Lo and we would now present, in pride forsooth, the next fair maiden. A pianist of note is she, yea and no mean scholar. Who is she? Wouldst thou but know, ’tis the Head Girl, Maurine Stuart. Nay, didst we now forget the other valiant student of the group. We would but speak and unto thee would say ’tis Peggy (Campbell), the Editor of the renowned *Vox Fluminis*. But why, the sage would ask, this calm prevailing here? Oh, know ye not? Prithee, glance up yonder. ’Tis small but dignified Miss Edgar who presideth there. “Be diligent,” saith she, “exams.” Wince the maidens and toil once more. And then a change doth come. But a simple bell tolleth. Joy descendeth. Up glance the maidens and smile they—clasp each other and murmur, “La, my dears, our toil is over for to-day.”

Thus depart we and leave—leave our four fair maidens, so happily at work, yea, so merrily—in their “Olde Curiosity Shoppe.”

GRADE XI, NORTH

There are sixteen girls in our grade
Who from constant working have gra'de,
For studies are hard,
So our beauty is mard,
And each doubtless will be an old made.

There ith a young thtudent called
Judith,
Who cannot be thaid to be prudith,
Nor doeth thhe lithp,
But thpeakth very crithp,
Thith verthe ith but meant to deludith.

There is a young student called Dale,
Who has never been known yet to fale.
Her drawings are grate,
Her hair red, by fate.
She has brain waves that never grow
stale.

Marg Dowler, a very tall creacher,
Now plans to become a gym teacher;
When puzzled, she twirls
And plays with her cirls;
But skating's her outstanding feacher.

There are two young students called
Marge,
Who the ocean once crossed in a barge
The crowning to see.
And happy are we
That they went from the school to see
“Garge.”

Marg Graban, a beautiful dream,
Out of place in the classroom would
seam;
The “Amph” she enhances,
And skaters entrances,
To win all the games for their team.



GRADE ELEVEN, NORTH

	Pat Murray	Iris Norman	
Caroline Harris	Peggy Murray	Margaret Graban	
Ruth Rich	Betty Morton	Florence Stirling	
Judy Bennett	Mary Paterson	Ferne Lount	Marjorie Gardiner
Julia Dale	Margaret Dowler	Marjorie McKinnell	Jean Vinson

There is a young student called Harris,
 Whose threats, although loud, cannot
 scarris,
 Her horse is her pride,
 And she'd rather ride,
 Than skip off to London or Parris.

There is a young student called Ferne
 Who strives to the utmost to lerne.
 She studies all night
 For each test so slight;
 But she still has a humorous terne.

There is a young student called Bett
 Who this year is our newest pett.
 She seems to be glad
 To sit on the rad
 When not bouncing around in a frett.

Pat and Peggy, intelligent twins,
 Who resemble each other like pins,
 With brilliance abounding
 Their classmates astounding,
 They enliven the classroom with grins.

There is a young student called Norman,
 Who in all types of sport is our forman,
 She is energy plus,
 And surpasses us
 In wearing out our weary scorman.

There is a young student called Mary,
 Who of bread and potatoes is wary;
 Fort William's her home,
 But far does she rome
 To boarding school out on the prary.

There is a young student called Ruth
 Who is filled with the laughter of yuth.
 But when sixteen of us
 Crowd into her bus,
 Her remarks are somewhat uncuth.

In Science the star of the class
 Is Stirling, a clever young lass.
 In Chemics and Phiz
 She's a regular whiz,
 And makes the best marks of the mass

There is a young student called Jean,
 So short she can hardly be sean,
 Ambitious is she
 To learn how to be
 An actress of fame on the screen.

There is a young teacher, Miss Grant,
 Who tries very hard and yet can't,
 Demolish her meal
 With gusto and zeal,
 So soon round her gravestone we'll
 chant.

GRADE XI, SOUTH

There is a bright girl from Kinistino,
 Who worked 'till she learned all there
 is-to-know,
 When asked, "Aren't you weary?"
 She replied, "Oh! not weary,"
 This clever young girl called Phyllis-o.

We have a fair lass we call "Babs"
 Who never is seen in the labs,
 She's good in Home Ec,
 But her Algy's a wrec,
 And about our fair country she crabs.

And then there is blonde little Nora,
 Whom all the lads simply adora,
 She trembles in History,
 To her 'tis a mystory,
 For in subjects like that she can't scora.

And then there is Emily Hayes
 Who sometimes is tempted to layes,
 But she's a good pally,
 For she's from Rose Vally,
 Our student called Emily Hayes.

From the south comes Virginia Lee,
 Who has travelled o'er many a see,
 To school she has gone,
 But nowhere for long
 And we wonder if she's here to stayee.

In our classroom there's a gal name of
 Betty,
 Who went to a dance looking pretty,
 Her dress of bright green,
 Made the lads exclaim "keen,"
 And her red hair caused comments
 quite witty.



Irene Pieper
Anne Shaw
Louie Leistikow
Jean McFarlane

Pat Veysey
Virginia Hopper
Betty Laidlaw
Barbara Colyer

Mary McCallum
Verna MacLachlan
Mary Raike
Emily Hayes

Phyllis Bacon
Mary Rose MacKenzie
Phoebe Macnab
Nora Donnelly

There is a fair scholar called Leistikow
 To a dance at the Garry was ast-to-go,
 She replied, "I'm so sorry,
 But Mother might worry."
 This exemplary student called Leistikow.

And then there's our student called Mary,
 Who comes to our school from the prary,
 Her cheeks are so pink,
 When she comes from the rink,
 And she's never been caught bribing Gerry.

Now we have a maid from Alberta,
 With whom all the boys like to flirta,
 She moans at the rools,
 And doesn't like schools,
 This Phyllis who comes from Alberta.

There is a young student called Jean,
 Who in music is terribly kean,
 In school she is lazy,
 Her history is hazy,
 And in study she seldom is sean.

There is a young girl Mary Rose,
 When geometry comes she'll repose,
 For St. Boniface Seals,
 Her love she reveals,
 And to each hockey game always gose.

There is a young student called Verna,
 Who from out of the window does lerna,
 Of things at the "U,"
 And paper boys "tu,"
 And for the outside she does yerna.

From Alberta comes Phoebe Macnab,
 On whom teachers can't always keep tab,
 She hates making beds,
 And there's one day she dreads,
 That's Friday in Chemistry lab.

From Gretna comes our little Pieper,
 For knowledge she always seeks dieper,
 She forever has fun,
 But her works always dun,
 So the teachers will never repiet'er.

And now comes the fair Mary Raike,
 For quietness she takes the caike,
 Her secrets she tells
 To red-headed bell (s).
 Now we wonder if everything's jaike.

And then there's our boarder called Shaw,
 Who rooms with a girl from the Paw,
 She always has fun,
 And her work's never dun,
 And she's constantly breaking the law.

The "Pres." of our class is called Pat,
 Of whom 'tis a well known fact,
 Her week-end she spends,
 With a lot of her frend(s),
 But blushes when we mention that.

There is a young teacher MacKinnon,
 Who tries hard to quell the loud dinnon,
 Her sarcastic remarks,
 Fly around us like sparks,
 And this is just the beginnon.

GRADE X

Barbara Allan—When I Grow up (oh! then there's still some hope?)

Maria Kipp—May I Have the Next Romance with You? (sorry, the waiting list is miles long.)

Shirley Cruickshank—True Confession (why, Shirley! we didn't think you would have any!)

Frances Walker—But, Where Are You? (Here today, gone for another month.)

Beverley Elsey—My Buddy (which one? or would that be telling?)

Edith Argue—When I Grow Too Old To Dream (aw, gee, Edith, will you?)

Phyllis Chester—It's a Sin to Tell a Lie (sometimes you give us a bigger bite than we can chew, Phyl.)

Joan MacArthur—Take Me Back to My Boots and Saddle (and who else, Joany?)

Mary Harris—Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen (means you're grand).

- Ethna Mitten*—Mavourneen (pass the pittaties!)
- Eloise Edmond*—Little Old Lady (sweet and shy.)
- Margaret Bennett*—Stay As Sweet As You Are (don't let a thing ever change you).
- Anna May Coghill*—Sweet and Low (but don't let that fool you!)
- Catherine Bingeman*—I Can Dream, Can't I (and may they all come true, Bing.)
- Eileen Gray*—Our Dancing Lady (there's nobody like you).
- Ruby Benidickson* — Old Faithful (whither thou goest and all that, old top!)
- Betty Slater*—Loch Lomond (she takes the high road).
- Helen Winram*—Dreamy Eyes (is it a horse you're thinking of?)
- Joan Heaslip*—Is It Love or Infatuation? (Oh! Joany! tsk! tsk!)
- Roberta Jean McQueen* — She's Tall, Tan, She's Terrific (with a couple of cyclones thrown in!)
- Mary Irvine*—Sweet as a Song (and pretty as a picture—or will we turn your head?)
- Kathleen Benner*—Smilin' Thro' (rain or shine, Benner, keeps her chin up. Atta girl!)
- Shirley McLean*—I'm Wishing for the One I Love (why, Shirley, we thought there were two or three—oh! one in particular, eh?)
- Sidney Flanders*—The Dipsy Doodle (Dippy, Dippy, Din, too!)
- Miss Sheffield*—Thanks for the Memory (of inky floors and messy desks and paper balls and notes. But wasn't it swell while it lasted?)

GRADE IX

WHERE TO FIND GRADE IX

- Gloria Brown*—behind the Monarch's box.
- Mary Carpenter*—at a special Grammar lesson.
- Ann Colyer*—hitch-hiking a ride to Chicago.
- Janet Edgar*—in a pile of text-books (? ? ?)
- Mary Elizabeth Edgar*—in a Turkish bath.
- Phyllis Hunter*—biting the dentist's finger.
- Joyce Johnston*—at the nail-polish counter.
- Maureen Knights*—behind a Tyrone Power scrap-book.
- June Lear*—at the nearest skating rink.
- Betty Jo McCarten*—behind the Ranger's box.
- Marguerite McDonald*—crooning in the festival.
- Mary McLeod*—experimenting on her hair with a carving-knife.
- Doris Pelkey*—in the nearest beauty parlor.
- Joan Sanderson*—in the milk-and-biscuit room.
- Barbara South*—trying to chaperon (?) Gloria.
- Esther Stronach*—reading up on hair-dyes.
- Ruth Wilkinson*—behind a wicked camera.

GRADE VIII

SUBJECT	MOOD	TENSE	CASE	SYNTAX	VOICE	CLASSIFICATION
<i>Shirley Pinfold</i>	Imperative	Future	Serious	Care of the class	Active	Auxiliary
<i>Marion Booth</i>	Subjunctive	Present	Happy	Swimming	Passive	Auxiliary
<i>Marni Brooks</i>	Indicative	Not present	Objective	Skipping school	Drowsy	Copula
<i>Winnifred Ruth McIntyre</i>	Indifferent	Present	? ? ? ?	Collecting Fedora feathers	Modulated	Notional
<i>Barbara Ann King</i>	Imperative	Past	Difficult	Eating	Active	Auxiliary
<i>Florence McCurdy</i>	Indifferent	Future	Possible	I'm going	High	Copulas
<i>Mona Shirley Paget</i>	Imperative	Past	Hopeful	Herky	Loud	Notional
<i>Carol Dahl</i>	Subjunctive	Present	Quiet	Sonny	Passive	Copula
<i>Lorna Aikins</i>	Imperative	Future	Nuts	Riding	Active	Notional
<i>Doris Moscarella</i>	Subjunctive	Present	Stubborn	Guessing	Soft	Copula
<i>Margaret Winstanley</i>	Indicative	Future	Marked improvement	Skating	Frequent	Notional
<i>Betty Best</i>	Imperative	Present	Dawning	Talking	Buzzing	Auxiliary
<i>Marjorie Kehm</i>	Subjunctive	Future	Pretty bad	Music	Passive	Auxiliary
<i>Class</i>	Imperative	Grammatical	Superb	Indigestion	Quiet ? ? !	Colossal

GRADE VII

THE girls of Grade VII are very fond of fun, and it is often very difficult to settle down and be quiet for an hour and a quarter in the afternoon when the bell goes for study.

I often wonder what we will all be doing about twenty years from now. Already some of us have made up our minds. These are the careers that I can imagine for the girls of Grade VII:

Joan Francis—swimmer in the Olympics.

Elynor Crapper—an aviatrix.

Elisabeth Gilchrist—famous artist.

Joan Harris—either a school teacher or a missionary.

Virginia R. George—newspaper reporter.

Audrey Tritt—newspaper reporter.

Jane Lee—gym teacher.

Shelagh Lear—a comedian.

Joan Pickard—still an equestrian.

Helen Palk—newspaper reporter.

Helen McLean—she wishes to take a course in dietetics and then be a cooking teacher.

There is certainly a large variety of occupations, isn't there?

1938 DIARY OF GRADES V AND VI

THE interesting events of Grades V and VI have been numerous.

On Friday, October 22nd, we made a visit to Speir's-Parnell Bakery, where we watched the process of bread making.

Late in the fall we visited the Purity Flour Mills, where we saw the grain being ground into flour.

We also visited the Hudson's Bay Historical Museum, in which we saw many articles that made our history more interesting and understandable.

After Christmas we found the Manitoba Museum very interesting. A Red River cart, an old-time kitchen, fossils,

stones, butterflies and Indian trinkets and bones.

Most of the class went to the Junior League performance, which was held in the Royal Alexandra Hotel.

On Tuesday, April 13th, we held two plays, "The Land of the Silver Chief," which was an historical play based on the stories of the Red River Settlement, and the "King's Warrant," which was one of the merry tales of Robin Hood. Each person portrayed an important part.

We have all made a project on Canada, seed charts, health books, and watched one of our cocoons come out.

GRADES III AND IV

WE, of Grades III and IV have had a busy year. At the opening of school in September, Sherry Carruthers was chosen class representative and has, since then, acted in that capacity. Rivalry between the four Houses has been keen and "House points" are marks of achievement.

Grade IV visited the Hudson's Bay Museum in connection with geography study and hopes to take some trips to other points of interest while studying Manitoba.

Our Hallowe'en party was held with

Grades I, II, V and VI. The costumes were very attractive, the games merry, and the refreshments, as usual, very tempting. Other events were the Christmas Tree and Valentine's Box.

Then came preparation for the gymnasium display in March. Finally, we bent all efforts to our junior dramatic offering, which was given on April 12th. We presented "Candytuft" this year and enjoyed the work in connection with it. After the Easter holidays we hope to have our class picnic and so end an active year.

BOARDERS' NOTES

EXCERPTS FROM A BOARDER'S DIARY

MONDAY—Dear Diary:

The rising bell rang at 7:15 this morning. Got up at 7:40 when the breakfast bell rang. Had half an orange, cereal, an egg, two pieces of toast, and a glass of milk. After breakfast I made my bed. Bell went for morning walk at 8:30. We walked around the block in twos. The first bell for school rang at 8:55. Came down to the class-room. At the second bell the class went up to the gym for prayers. Classes from then till 1 o'clock. Then lunch. After lunch, went up to my room to brush my teeth. Out for a walk—around the drive. Classes from 2 till 4:30. At 4:30 reported to teacher on duty that I was going to practise and then be in my room. Was told I should go out and get some fresh air—walking around the drive. Got my apple and mail and went up to my room. At 6 o'clock the bell rang to dress for dinner. Put on my suit. At 6:30 the dinner bell rang. After dinner we went up to the gym to dance. It was too cold there, so we came down again. The study bell rang at 7:30. We studied until 9 o'clock. At 9 I got my apple and went up to bed. I wore my green pyjamas. Our lights were turned out at 9.30. We talked until 10.30.

TUESDAY—Dear Diary: See Monday.

WEDNESDAY—Dear Diary: See Monday.

THURSDAY—Dear Diary: See Monday.

FRIDAY—Dear Diary: See Monday.

* * *

THE BOARDERS—IN A WORD OR TWO:

Jeane Gardiner—The Lord helps those who help themselves.

Ruth Sanderson—Listen, girls, now I made this one up myself.

Marjorie Kehm—Did you hear that whistle?

Elynor Crapper—I think I'll get a "Taylor"—made suit this spring.

Joan Sanderson—I'll get it when I am down town on Saturday.

Maureen Knights—Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone.

Joan Heaslip—I am not in a bad mood.
Mary Irvine—It's guys like you that keep romance from going on the Wayne.

Shirley McLean—Did I hear you mention my pet?

Anne Shaw—E-e-e-e-e-e-e-eh!

Verna MacLachlan (to Anne) — Stop Lalor-ing around.

Irene Pieper—I am going to "Grandma's."

Betty Laidlaw—Did I have a swell time Saturday night!

Mary Paterson—Oh! Phoebe!

Phoebe McNab—W-e-e-e-l-l-

Mary McCallum—Oh, my Algebra!

Emily Hayes—I'll show you how to do it.

Maurine Stuart—I can't. I have to practise.

J. H. and M. I.

PREFECTING

"Don't put your hands on the railing!"

"Don't run up the stairs!"

"Don't run ! ! ! "

* * *

"There will be house meetings at recess!"

"There will be a basketball practice at four-thirty!"

"School stand! School turn!"

* * *

"Don't put your hands on the railing!"

"Don't run down the stairs!"

"Stop talking ! ! ! "

"Don't run!"

* * *

"You shouldn't be in here if you don't take biscuits!"

"Have you any biscuits in your pocket?"

"Don't forget the house meeting!"

* * *

"Is everyone out of the washroom?"

"Pick up the towels on the floor!"

"Will everyone please get out of the locker rooms ! ! "

"I can wait as long as you can!"

"Qui-i-iet, please ! ! ! ! "

* * *

"Come and help me take pound!"

"You should be out of here by now!"

"It's 4:45! Clear out, please ! ! "



PHYSICAL EDUCATION



THE object of Physical Education is to help in the production and maintenance of health in body and mind.

Our aim at Riverbend is, first, to train our girls to stand and walk well. Good posture all through life is very much to be desired. It is so easy to hump when you are sitting over desks, and you, who grow so very fast, remember that little bit of elastic attached to the back hairs of your head, stretching you up to the ceiling. Always "grow taller."

Through gymnastics, dancing, and games we develop the qualities of alertness, decision, concentration, and perfect control of brain over body. Gymnastics for girls have changed a great deal in recent years. It used to be that girls were trained in the same manner as boys. Now gymnastic movements on the whole are relaxed and rhythmic, aiming not at muscle bulk, as in previous years, but at a perfectly poised and lithe controlled body.

LORNA McADOO.

GYM DISPLAY

IT IS hard to write anything about our gym display—for one must take care to be very modest about an entertainment in which the whole school took part. As a Riverbender one can hardly say it was "splendid," "interesting," "a great success," and these are the things one is tempted to say. One feels that these adjectives could quite easily apply to the performance right from the conduct of the tiny Kindergarten tots, who danced so daintily right up through the elfin and folk dances, the apparatus and gymnastic demonstrations, the gay pierrots and pierettes, the snappy tap dancers and the polished senior exhibitions. After the affair had finally wound up with an intricate lantern maze, and the flowers had been presented, the audience assured us that the program had moved smoothly and the versatility of the presentations had left no time for boredom. However, perhaps the difficulty of appearing too conceited could be overcome by putting the credit where it is due—on the ceaseless energy and enthusiasm of our gym mistress, Miss McAdoo.

P.C.

EXPLANATION

The grounds were damp and soggy,
The weather was perverse;
The sun showed not a glimmer,
And the wind grew worse and worse.
For days the air was chilly
And misty rains held sway;
They showed no sign of letting up—
So—we didn't have Sports' Day.
S.E.M.

* * *

Editor's Note—At least not when we were supposed to—but we hope to have it in the summer term.

BASKETBALL

TWICE a week, on Mondays and Thursdays, late-leavers of the school hear strange noises coming from the gymnasium. However, any partaker in the above-mentioned racket would assure any fearful listener that the shrill noises and thud of running feet, above, are all for the best and that the girls are benefiting thereby. For basketball is a Good Thing, as is illustrated by the exciting games which we played against Rupertsland and St. Mary's Academy.



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

Mrs. Kobold, Margaret Graban, Roberta Jean McQueen, Margaret Dowler, Pat Murray, Ferne Lount, Louie Leistikow, Irene Pieper, (Mary Rose MacKenzie, absent).

The teams were most fortunate this year in having Mrs. Kobold as their coach, one whose hard work and enthusiasm were much appreciated. It is due to this that we did so well this year.

Here are the scores for the games:

1st Team, Riverbend (24) vs. Rupertsland (30) at Riverbend.

2nd Team, Riverbend (25) vs. Rupertsland (12) at Riverbend.

1st Team, Riverbend (32) vs. St. Mary's (32) at St. Mary's.

2nd Team, Riverbend (18) vs. St. Mary's (34) at St. Mary's.

1st Team, Riverbend (15) vs. St. Mary's (16) at Riverbend.

2nd Team, Riverbend (14) vs. St. Mary's (20) at Riverbend.

1st Team, Riverbend (37) vs. Rupertsland (33) at Rupertsland.

2nd Team, Riverbend (25) vs. Rupertsland (20) at Rupertsland.

1st Team, Riverbend (36) vs. Old Girls (16) at Riverbend.

P.M.

RIDING AT RIVERBEND

LAST fall a number of enthusiastic girls found themselves out at the Cambridge Riding Academy, and in due time atop their steeds. Misgivings arose among those faint-hearted ones, but such fears were soon dispelled after another two or three Wednesdays, and each felt sure she was the best horsewoman in the school. Alas for those who became a little too swell-headed, for then they experienced a spill—but it was not so far to the ground and they were encouraged by the fact that to be a good rider one must necessarily fall off nine times. It was with regret that the season stopped when winter closed down on that happy hour on Wednesday. Now, however, winter is behind these riders and the spring is here to lure the back to fields and woods.

It cannot be overlooked how riding during this year has drawn to its ranks more supporters. If such a growing in-

terest continues to prevail and the weather forecast remains favorable, it is hoped that in the near future an inter-house riding meet will possibly be held, which will provide fun not only for the contestants, but is guaranteed to amuse even the most cynical onlooker. Riding looks forward to more Wednesdays of fun !! C.H.

1938 meet, which is to be held in May. This year there will be four houses—Douglas, Garry, York, and Nelson—competing, instead of three, as in previous meets. Thus we are hoping that the coming gala will go down as one of the most successful in the history of Riverbend. M.D.

SWIMMING

AS USUAL, a great deal of interest has been taken in the swimming this year. The annual swimming meet held on May 19th, 1937, at the Y.W.C.A., was a pronounced success. The various events were run off well, and Garry House, carrying off top honors, sank Douglas and York by wide margins. Since last September there has been even a larger group attending the Wednesday afternoon swimming classes regularly. It will not be long now before we shall be making preparations for the

BADMINTON NOTES

THE Badminton, this year, has been a great success. Interest in it has increased considerably. Saturday morning has become a momentous occasion for our players. We can't say that we are all Jack Purcells, but we do have a good time. We may truthfully say that since the beginning of the year our playing has improved. At the first of the season the badminton was opened by a doubles Round Robin, the prizes were presented by Miss Carter to Betty Slater and Ruth Rich. Several other Round Robins were held at intervals



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

Mrs. Kobold, Eileen Gray, Peggy Murray, Janet Edgar, Ruth Rich, Shirley Cruikshank, Eloise Edmond, Anne Shaw, Iris Norman.

during the season. On the last day of March the staff was challenged to play the girls in doubles. Three teams were formed by each side—Miss Carter and Miss Grant vs. Jean Vinson and Mary Rose MacKenzie, Miss Crawshaw and Miss McKinnon vs. Iris Norman and Peggy Campbell, and Miss McAdoo and

Miss Sheffield vs. Ruth Rich and Eloise Edmond. The teams were closely matched and showed a great deal of fine playing.

As this goes into print the season has not ended, but it is expected that the year will be finished by a successful tournament.
J.V., I.N.



THE COUNCIL

Top Row—Marjorie McKinnell, Mary Harris, Roberta Jean McQueen, Mary Paterson, Pat Veysey, Louie Leistikow, Peggy Campbell, Mary Rose MacKenzie.

2nd Row—Caroline Harris, Pat Murray, Maurine Stuart, Margaret Graban, Peggy Murray, Iris Norman.

1st Row—Jean Vinson, Catherine Bingeman, Ferne Lount, Phyllis Hunter, June Lear, Shirley Pinfold, Helen MacLean, (Margaret Bennett, absent).

R S

ACTIVITIES

R S

NEWS

NEWs, new teachers, new girls, new uniform, new Hall, new colours, new crests—everything's new! And yet, strangely enough, the school remains the same. To us who were at Riverbend last year, the thought of seeing any uniform other than the familiar blue, seemed wholly unimaginable. Now the smart grey uniform with the contrasting red has built itself firmly into the traditions of the school. Again, last year it seemed impossible that there could ever be any houses other than Douglas, York, and Garry. Yet now Nelson Hall, so ably set on its feet and launched by Caroline Harris, is equally well known to us. The new teachers, at first complete strangers, are now become our familiar friends "the staff," and the "new girls" are no longer "new girls," but just other Riverbenders. Of course, with all these radical changes there was criticism. Hot discussions ensued as to the colour and material for stockings—should they be grey or red (?), ribbed or smooth, or whether brown, black or grey shoes should be made official, on the course to be adopted by red-headed girls regarding the new scarlet blazers. But now at last these perplexing, if minor difficulties, have been overcome. Once more Riverbend runs smoothly on its course, so different, yet so unchanged. Therefore, to Riverbend the old, the Riverbend of the blue uniforms and three halls, we fondly toast good-bye—Riverbend the new, starting out on its fresh era, for whom it has been ours to lay the first foundations of its new traditions, we salute, in hope, in confidence, in love.

P.C.

GLEE CLUB NOTES

UNDER the able direction of Mrs. Dempsey, the Glee Club sang "Jesu,

Joy of Man's Desiring," and "Sleep Holy Babe," in a program at the school shortly before Christmas. Mrs. Dempsey coached several girls to sing in the Musical Festival, which started on March 28th. We have not received the results yet, but we are sure the girls kept up their usual standard of fine work. The Glee Club is now practising two songs, "The Sky is Full of Clouds" and "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land," for the closing exercises.

M.M.

BROWNIES

THE Riverbend Brownies have had a very happy and successful year. We are glad to say that we have a large number of new Brownies. There are also four Browniekins, who are looking forward to becoming Brownies when they have passed their tests. The enlargement of the pack has resulted in the foundation of a new Six. We now have four Sixes, the Elves, the Imps, the Fairies and the Pixies. Each Six has a leader or Sixer, as she is called, and also a second Sixer. There is a special song and yell for each six, as well as the Brownie song that they all sing.

The Brownies have lots of fun at their meetings and they also learn many useful things. At Christmas they made net stockings and filled them with toys for the poor families.

On February 19th a Brownie Rally was held at Broadway-St. Stephen's Church. Each of the packs present put on a little play. Our Brownies enacted the story of the "Tar Baby." They did very well and were asked to repeat it for Mrs. Semmens, the Winnipeg Division District Commissioner.

At the beginning of the year our Brown Owl, Miss Wellband, had to resign, but her place was exceptionally

well filled by our new Brown Owl, Mrs. Griffiths. She is assisted by Iris Norman, our Tawny Owl.

We hope that the Brownies will keep up their good work and that Riverbend will always be proud of them.

I.N.

THE SIXTY-FIFTH GUIDE COMPANY

OUR "65th Company," this year, hasn't been as successful as it might have been, and I feel that we aren't getting much support from the girls. Don't people join Guides for the common good rather than for their own sakes?

But we do have fun! We are planning many new things for the coming weeks—meetings and (the greatest thing of all) tea outside.

Miss Law, our Captain since September, has unfortunately been unable to join us for the last few Tuesdays, but Miss Kernigan, with the help of Miss Johnston, has kindly agreed to take Miss Law's place until she returns.

And so, all those who *could* be Guides we ask you to help us build up a company that Riverbend may be glad to own!

A.M.C.

GRADUATION DAY

THE band is playing! The sun is streaming down. People are beginning to arrive looking so very summery in pale greens and blues. The first grads are coming. What a thrill to wear that long white dress and carry those flowers. Don't they look beautiful? They are so graceful, so calm, so cool, but oh —

"What time is it? Are your knees shaking as mine are? What if I should trip on the stairs? With which hand do you shake hands? Oh, it's so hot. Is my nose shiny? Is my hair all right? These flowers are so heavy. On which arm do you hold them? Is it time to go up?"

Excitement! Quivers in every voice, shivers up every spine, tremours in every heart.

The bell goes. A hush falls. The music begins and up the school marches—ah! but the grads don't march—they move in a graceful procession to soft music.

The prize giving is over. What comes next? Tea—not yet, you grads, there are the clicks of a few cameras first of all.

The band has started up again. The horns are booming and blaring to a pulsing rhythm. You find you are walking with a swing in your step. Excitement is still in the air, but it has changed—it's not the tense, tremorous, mysterious excitement that went with the ceremonies in the gym, but it's an excitement that makes you want to laugh and smile and later, maybe, weep. The youngsters are stuffing ice cream, the grads are being snapped and congratulated, people are moving continually. Everyone is here that you know—so many handshakes, so many smiles, so much happiness. And then they begin to go—a few at a time, but gradually the laughter is less loud, the tables of tea and cakes are empty, the sun is past its prime, the air is cooler, the sea-gulls are crying over the river and you may have a tear too many in your eye.

M.G.S.

JUNIOR PLAYS

HAVING just seen the Junior plays, we really feel that Garbo will soon have to look out for her rights, and that Riverbend at any time could turn into a Hollywood. This impression was conveyed to us by the acting in the fairy play "Candytuft," directed by Mrs. Price and Miss Crawshaw. The threes and fours quite made us forget it was a fairy tale, so rapt did we become in the enthralling romance of "Candytuft" (Joan Thomson), and the Prince (Sherry Carruthers), protégé of the beautiful fairy queen (Mary Elizabeth Judd). The fives and sixes combined education with entertainment in their play, the "Red River Settlers," presented by Miss Burns, finishing up with the lighter "Robinhood." In short, the afternoon of April 13th was a thoroughly delightful one, thanks to the ability of the Riverbend Juniors.

P.C.

THE HALLOWE-EN PARTIES

WHAT time of year is better loved than autumn? For at the end of October is the children's festival—Hallowe'en. Just what event Hallowe'en is supposed to commemorate no one knows unless it is to celebrate the glorious autumn season. For weeks before Hallowe'en the school was filled with secret meetings, much whisperings and sudden outbursts of giggles. Grades I, II, and III joined forces for their party in the living-room, while IV, V, and VI celebrated in the dining-room in the afternoon. Most of the costumes were quite original and the rooms were decorated to carry out the Hallowe'en spirit.

The same evening the senior school made merry in the gym. The school was alive with witches and skeletons who peered coyly around doors or through windows while fat pumpkins smiled at the fun from vantage points around the room. Soon the gym was filled with people in many different and colorful costumes. Our familiar chums were hidden behind grease-paint or masks. The Grand Parade started the evening and gave everyone an opportunity of seeing all the costumes. The class skits were next, and the intervals between acts were pleasantly filled with dancing. The initiation which followed provoked much laughter at the expense of the new girls. After several dances the party ended with refreshments. Hallowe'en was over for another year.

J.V.

UNE SOIREE DU FRANCAIS

LA soirée française avait lieu vendredi soir le 25 mars à huit heures. Beaucoup d'écouliers sont venues.

Nous avons commencé par jouer des jeux. Le premier jeu était très drôle. Un morceau de papier était épinglé sur votre dos. Sur le morceau de papier était un nom célèbre peut être Hitler ou Shirley Temple. Vous devriez deviner votre nom. Après cela, nous avons joué beaucoup d'autres jeux.

Le deuxième divertissement a com-

mencé par des chansons français. Ensuite nous avons fait les actions de "Sur le Pont."

Le troisième divertissement était un petit dialogue. Le nom du dialogue était "Un Pique-Nique." Le dialogue était joué par deux élèves de Grade VIII.

Ensuite nous avons eu des rafraîchissements et après les rafraîchissements, nous avons dansé jusqu'à dix heures.

Nous nous sommes bien amusés ce soir-la.

M.K.

THE LILAC TEA

ON a bright sunny afternoon early last June, with all the lilacs in bloom, each house in its respective corner decorated its tables with the colors. The home cooking and flower tables, as well as the fish pond in the summer-house, were busy all afternoon. The little messengers were kept on the run steadily and everyone had a delightful time.

M.H.

THE WICKED WANG-PAH

THIS was the interesting title given the Intermediate play presented on last December 17th. Under the capable directing ability of Miss Sheffield, this Chinese fantasy proved a welcome diversion from a week of strenuous study. In the title rôle Barbara Ann King quickly captured our intense dislike in her portrayal of the evil usurper; while Marjorie Kehm, as the demure Mo-Lan, won sympathy for the cruel misfortunes which were hers. Shirley Pinfold, the Viceroy of the Province, accomplished with fluency long words which continually rolled forth from that portly noble. Marguerite McDonald, with her sweet singing and also her brave action, became in truth the hero of the play. Mention must be made of the costumers and of those in charge of properties—Gloria Brown, Barbara South, and Joyce Johnston—whose skill was revealed in the sea-garden act and the jail scene, as well as the dance of the moon-goddesses. It would be impossible to omit

the supreme monstrous dragon composed of Betty Best, Doris Moscarella, Shelagh Lear, and Helen McLean. The first of these was responsible for the beast's words of wisdom which replaced the customary fire and smoke, while the latter provided a comical exit for the dragon. To Ann Colyer, who as the Chorus Man, exhibited her skill as an actress—we bow in deep admiration.

Others in the cast were: Phyllis Hunter, Joan Harris, June Lear, Winnifred R. McIntyre, Ruth Wilkinson, Marion Booth, Joan Sanderson, Elynor Crapper, Betty Jo McCarten, Janet Edgar, Carol Dahl, Margaret Winstanley, Joan Francis, Audrey Tritt, Mona Shirley Paget, Marni Brooks, Florence McCurdy, Virginia R. George, Elizabeth Gilchrist, Maureen Knights, Lorna Aikins, Esther Stronach, Doris Pelkey, Mary Carpenter, and Mary E. Edgar.

C.H.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

IT happened, yes it did happen—on the evening of February 22nd, when the Cricket chirped softly into my ear the story of his life on the Hearth. He narrated it to me in his cheery way, as he did to so many other people in the crowded hall of Riverbend.

The first person to appear in the Cricket's life was the faithful Storyteller, who acted as a true Dickens' character throughout his lengthy part. Dot and John Perrybingle, Tillie, the Baby, and Boxer, together, made up the happy scene typical of the quaint home life of which the Cricket grew so fond. Tackleton, the gruff toy merchant, upset this happiness for a while by his false accusations and disagreeable nature. Caleb and his poor blind daughter, Bertha, two pathetic characters, struggled through life as cheerfully as their wretched home and poor means permitted. Imperious Mrs. Fielding added a touch of humor, and her comely daughter, May, became the charming wife of Edward, now no longer the

"mysterious old gentleman."

There were times (the Cricket told me) when he didn't know what would have happened if thoughtful hands hadn't put the cribbage board or geranium plant where they were expected. He told me how much everybody enjoyed the extra bung-hole at the other end of the beer-keg. Then during the dinner when somebody forgot her cue, there was a pause. Suddenly the voice of Caleb boomed out, "Have some more beer, John!" This unexpected generosity compelled John to help himself. All ran smoothly after that.

When the last chapter was happily finished and as the curtain slowly fell, I overheard the Cricket chirping softly to himself.

Chirp the first—"for the actors,"

Chirp the second—"for all those who fitted out my home and made my friends look so real."

Chirp the third—"for the one who directed us."

Thus saith the Cricket.

C.B.

THE LIBRARY

I WANT to read this. Doesn't it look good? Oh, there are so many books here I want to read—so many new ones that I've heard about and wanted to read, and now here is the chance."

That is what is being said in our library very frequently these days. The many new and interesting books are a great stimulus to the library business. The crisp new pages and the crackling stiff covers are so inviting, you find yourself practically compelled to take a book off the shelf. You begin to look at it and it attracts you to such an extent that you decide you simply cannot rest until you have read it to the last page.

We are grateful to the kind friends who have been so generous to the library this year. May we especially thank Mrs. Douglas MacKay, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Murray, Miss Palk, and Mrs. N. E. South for their beautiful gifts. Among our own Riverbenders Miss Gregory, Betty Newcombe, Margaret Powell,

Margaret Graban, Pat and Peggy Murray, Roberta Jean McQueen, Winnifred Ruth McIntyre, Louie Leistikow, and Kathleen Richardson know how much their contributions were appreciated.

About twenty-five senior girls have worked well and faithfully in the library at different times during the year and their assistance has been most welcome.

M.G.S.

HOUSE NOTES

THIS fall, with a larger enrolment in the school, it was decided that a new house should be formed. From each grade a certain number of girls drew by ballot for membership in this new house. At the first meetings held by the four houses an election of officers took place. In the new house not only were officers elected but a name was chosen by the new members, "Nelson." Nelson was chosen because it was a fort in Manitoba, just as were the other houses. Dark-blue and light-blue became the colors, reminding us of the old school colors.

Douglas, Garry, Nelson, and York were unable to hold their annual house picnics last fall, because of the weather conditions.

At Christmas time the houses sent out the usual hampers to needy families, and all were gratefully received.

During the winter term house competition became very keen. The coming term, with its many outstanding events such as inter-house basketball play-offs, swimming meet, sports' day, and the lilac tea, is being eagerly awaited.

R.J.M., C.B., M.H., M.B.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

3rd Term—1936-37

- Apr. 5—Maurine Stuart's recital.
- Apr. 7—School re-opened.
- Apr. 24—Miss Carter's tea for Marjorie Gardiner and Marjorie McKinnell.
- Apr. 28—The Marjories left for the Coronation.

- Apr. 30—Junior Plays.
- May 7—Roller skating party.
- May 12—The Coronation.
- May 14—Old Girls' Day.
- May 19—Swimming Meet
- June 1—Lilac Tea.
- June 9—Kindergarten Closing.
Grade X luncheon for the graduates.
- June 10—Dance for graduates.
- June 11—Closing and Prize giving.

1st Term—1937-38

- Sept. 9—School re-opened.
- Oct. 30—Hallowe'en parties.
- Nov. 19—Basketball game with Rupersland.
- Dec. 3—Basketball game with St. Mary's.
- Dec. 17—Grades 7, 8 and 9 play.
- Dec. 21—Christmas holidays.

2nd Term—1937-38

- Jan. 7—School re-opened.
- Jan. 15—Old Girls' Luncheon.
- Feb. 18—Miss Johannsen's lecture
- Feb. 19—Alumnae Tea.
- Feb. 22—Grade 10 play.
- Mar. 4—Basketball game with St. Mary's.
- Mar. 11—French Party.
- Mar. 17—Basketball game with the Old Girls.
- Mar. 22—The Gymn display.
- Apr. 6—Coronation movies.
- Apr. 12—Junior Plays.
- Apr. 13—Easter Holidays.

THE OVERSEAS EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE CORONATION TOUR

APRIL 28, 1937, the day I had long looked forward to, had arrived. The hours passed quickly and soon we were at the station where we found a large crowd had gathered to bid Bon Voyage to the Winnipeg girls leaving to join the Overseas Educational League Coronation Tour. The schools were well represented and the train pulled out amid hearty songs and cheers from classmates and friends. The great adventure had begun!

Our train arrived late at its destina-

tion, Montreal, and there was barely time to greet our friends before we were hurried aboard the *Duchess of Athol*. Marjorie McKinnell and I found ourselves in a cabin with two girls from Ontario Ladies College, Whitby. The following days passed quickly; sometimes pleasantly and due to sea-sickness, sometimes not so pleasantly. There were movies, concerts, deck games and group meetings to fill our days.

Our first sight of land was Greenock, Scotland. The following morning we docked at Liverpool and as you can well imagine there was great excitement. We boarded the train for London immediately and from the station there we were taken to a house in Torrington Square.

The first evening in London we attended an illustrated coronation lecture at the County Hall. After seeing pictures of the Coronation of King George V and Queen Mary, we were welcomed to England by Major Ney. Sunday afternoon we attended a beautiful service in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Monday morning began our busy time in London. First, we visited Whip-snade Zoo. Our other visit that day was made to the General Post Office.

The following day, May 12, was the highlight of our trip, but I will leave it to Marjorie McKinnell to tell you about it.

One afternoon we visited St. Nicholas Church, Compton, one of the oldest in England, part of it having been built in Saxon times. Another afternoon we visited the British Broadcasting Studios.

Two very important services were the Youth Rally at Royal Albert Hall where H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester and Prime Minister Baldwin spoke to us, and the Service of Youth at Westminster Abbey, where the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke to us.

On one other occasion we had an opportunity of visiting the Abbey. This time thirty of us were entertained at tea by Mrs. Bulloch, the Abbey organist's wife. While we were there we were allowed to visit the Abbey Museum. Another day was spent visiting

the historical Hampton Court Palace, Wolsey, and then Kew Gardens. The hydrangea were in full bloom making the grounds a beautiful sight to behold. Next we saw the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace from within the gates. Another day we were given the unusual privilege of seeing Big Ben at close quarters. One week-end we spent in the historical town of Canterbury and visited the cathedral for two or three hours.

On the 28th day of May we set off to the different schools to spend the next three weeks of our visit overseas. I was very fortunate in being able to go to Cheltenham Ladies' College which is considered one of the finest English boarding schools. Of the nine hundred girls in the school, six hundred were boarders. They were divided into houses which were in the vicinity of the main school building, each house containing thirty or forty girls.

Every morning with the exception of Sunday morning, the entire school attended classes and with exception of two afternoons a week, they were allowed to study in their own houses. The classes I found very similar to our own here and I was soon doing homework. Every Saturday afternoon each house went, usually, on a picnic to the Cotswold Hills.

One morning we were taken to Stratford-on-Avon where we visited Anne Hathaway's Cottage and saw *Cymbeline* played in the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Another afternoon we visited the remains of an old Roman Villa at Chedworth. Another time we visited Tewkesbury and another time, Tintern Abbey.

From Cheltenham on the 17th of June we went to London where we joined the whole group and set off for Eastbourne, one of England's beautiful sea-side resorts. At Eastbourne we spent a week of sea-bathing, hiking on the downs, horseback riding and attending band concerts on the pier. In the afternoons we were entertained by the different schools there. It was during this week that we went to London

for a day to attend the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. Marjorie and I were very fortunate in being two of the few who received invitations.

On June 24 our week at Eastbourne came to an end and those of us who stayed after the tour was over said good-bye to the girls who left for Southampton to sail home.

The following three weeks, our last in England, Marjorie and I spent with her relatives in Northampton. During our stay there we visited Kenilworth and Warwick Castle. We were also fortunate to be able to see the State Apartments and the Queen's Doll House at Windsor Castle. Some of the days we spent bicycling around the countryside and other days picnicking and hiking.

So passed our last days in England and on the 16th of July we left Liverpool on the Duchess of Bedford for home.

MARJORIE GARDINER, '38,
Douglas Hall.

THE CORONATION

MAY 12, 1937. We were awakened at three a.m. to find it was very dark and dismal. It was also quite misty,—real London weather. The question even came to our minds whether it was worth while getting up, but this day was to be the climax of our trip, so, despite our sleepiness, we jumped out of bed. We hurriedly dressed and after a big breakfast we started out. The streets were unusually quiet and what amused us was to see so many people sleeping on the pavements. As we looked we realized how fortunate we were in having excellent seats provided for us. As we had to stand for some time it felt nice to get to our seats at last and sit down.

The Canadian boys arrived soon, looking very smart in grey flannels and red blazers with caps and ties the same as ours.

Suddenly the gates were opened and shivery thrills ran through our bodies as we realized that the procession was

starting. Most of this has been so well described in our papers that I am afraid I cannot do it justice. The brilliant colors and the splendor of the uniforms seemed even more intense on this dull day.

The first coaches and automobiles contained members of the Royal Family and representatives of foreign powers. Then came the prime ministers. Naturally the carriage bearing Mr. Mackenzie King, surrounded by Royal Canadian Mounted Police, drew thunderous applause from our section. At last came the golden, royal coach, bearing the King and Queen. They really looked like people out of a story-book riding in this beautiful carriage. Long after they had passed we could hear the roar of applause in the distance.

The time seemed to pass very quickly until the procession began its homeward journey. It had barely started when a heavy rain set in. However, despite the downpour, the crowd remained in a good humor. It was very funny to see the Canadian boys with the red dye from their caps running down their faces.

The return procession was much the same as the former, except for the addition of Queen Mary, looking extremely beautiful. She is so regal—every inch a Queen. Lastly came the royal coach with their majesties, now wearing their sparkling crowns. Some of the crowd began to leave but we stayed to see the Royal Party come out on the balcony. When they finally did, the noise was terrific. After screaming ourselves hoarse, and being soaked through we decided to go home.

After satisfying that hollow feeling we listened to the King's speech over the radio. It was hard to realize that this day was over but we didn't ponder long. We were worn out and went to bed where we could dream about the glorious things we had seen and heard.

A few days later we attended the first Youth Rally at Albert Hall. Seven thousand boys and girls from the Empire were there. The two most interesting events of the evening were ad-

dresses by the Duke of Gloucester and Stanley Baldwin. It was immensely thrilling to be in the centre of this World Wide Youth Movement.

The next day was another resembling that of the Coronation. Early in the morning we departed for Buckingham Palace where we watched the King and Queen begin the State Drive. I can't truly say that we saw the King and Queen, for five limousines left the palace and we didn't know in which their majesties were sitting.

After this we went to Westminster Abbey for another Youth Service, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. We sat in the seats formerly occupied by the peeresses at the Coronation. In the transept opposite was a lovely stained glass window. The sun shone through it in a myriad of colors onto St. Edward's Chair. This chair, which always looks so hard in pictures had a golden cushion on it that appeared very luxurious and comfortable.

Suddenly the rumor was spread around that we were to see Queen Mary. After the ceremony we were led by a police escort to Marlborough House. It was great fun having the police hold up traffic for us.

While we were waiting in the courtyard the Queen returned from a drive. She stepped out of the car onto a thick blue rug before us. She was dressed in a silvery gray gown and cloak, embroidered with silver beads. Major and Mrs. Ney spoke to her and then we were instructed to file by and curtsy. Most of us were out of practice so you can imagine how we felt.

Then we were privileged to wander about the beautiful gardens and admire the flowers; also see the famous dog grave-yard begun by Queen Alexandra and containing several of her dogs. It was with great reluctance that we finally had to leave this lovely place.

Before long we had to leave the exciting and romantic city of London. The next three intriguing weeks of our trip were spent in the Perse School for Girls in Cambridge. Of course I attended school too, but only in the morn-

ings and I didn't have to do any "prep." The girls were all very friendly and eager to learn about Canada. While I was there I found very little difference in the school work except for their superiority in languages. The English teacher, however, told me that she thought we were farther advanced in grammar.

Towards the end of our trip, another very important day arrived; the day on which Marjorie Gardiner and I attended a Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. We went to London from Eastbourne and we spent the morning and afternoon shopping. At four o'clock we departed for the palace. The driver of our taxi would not drive us right in as there was too large a crowd, so he let us out in front of the gates. We were too scared to go in! We stood arguing for some time and finally a policeman held a path through the crowd and we walked in very nervously. We felt very silly in our plain skirts and blazers among all the frills and flounces.

Soon we found we were two of the ten thousand people in the garden. We were wandering about when suddenly a path was cleared in the crowd for the Queen. We naturally pushed to the front row. The Queen passed less than a foot from us. We heard her speak to several people and her voice sounded soft and sweet. Following her came the two little princesses, dressed in embroidered organdy frocks with sun-bonnets to match. They are very tiny, much smaller than you'd imagine, but they are very pretty and doll-like.

We stood for about half an hour against a rope, stretched around the table of food and watched the Royal Party eat. Then they returned to the Palace and the band played God Save the King.

Many people spoke to us because of our uniforms. We were really glad then that we had worn them. We left shortly afterwards and caught our train back to Eastbourne. It had been a wonderful day.

(Continued on page 48)

R S

LITERARY

R S

TO CHOPIN'S RAINDROP PRELUDE

THE raindrops fell incessantly that night.
 The winds grieved round the ancient monastery,
 The air was dank with death and mystery,
 And gave his agony no brief respite.
 He writhed in pain to hear the funeral rite
 Of friars singing a last obsequy,
 The music in his pent-up soul broke free
 And music flowed with e'er increasing might.
 Oh noble chant that was of madness born
 Who knows the art that comes from out despair!
 We know not what great heights we can attain!
 When we have reached the depths and are forlorn
 And weary with our way so full of care
 We may have all that is in life to gain.

PAT MURRAY, '38, Garry Hall,

PEGGY MURRAY, '38, Douglas Hall.

AND THE JURY SAID GUILTY

And the jury said guilty. Sure he was guilty—guilty as hell—and yet—well, judge for yourself.

* * * *

IT couldn't happen, not to him—it couldn't, it was a horrible dream. Mary—their new little house—the radio—other chaps had lost their jobs, but to happen to him—it couldn't! He was getting on of course—that was it—he was a weary forty-nine—that new young chap Jones—no wonder the firm had kept him on—more push—more zip. Damn it, could he help it if he was forty-nine and had had to work too long and too hard? If only Jones had never come—he was happy till then—it was all his f—. No—mustn't blame Jones—nice enough young chap—had had him to dinner—Mary liked him too—nice enough young fellow. This heat—that was it—the heat—he couldn't think—it choked you, that's what it did—burned you—dried you up—these sultry August days in New York—they oppressed you, drove you crazy, Oh

God! No work—how'd he tell Mary—be cheerful, that was it. "Oh Mary, laid off—temporarily" (that was it) "temporarily, soon be able to find something else—no need to worry." No need to worry—God! This heat—it burned with a sickening singeing to your very core—heat—worry—Mary. Mary—there was a wife—she'd understand. What was he going to tell her? Oh yes—"Mary dear, laid off, temporarily—no need to worry, but getting on you know, haha, getting on—these young chaps, more push, more zip, I guess, but don't worry." No job, unemployed, tramp the streets. "Forty-nine Sir, but fit as a fiddle." Heat, that sun, August, no job, Mary. Home at last Mary dear. Oh he was sick at heart, but she'd comfort him, she'd understand. Up the steps—wouldn't be long now—"Mary (sharply) Mary. And then he saw! It couldn't

be! His Mary, his wife in Jones' arms.
Jones who had stolen his job, now
stolen his wife—here he was jobless—
wifeless—while Jones stood smug with
Mary—his Mary—in his arms.

He'd show Jones—he'd show him!
Kill him! Kill him! It was over.

* * * *

And the jury said guilty. Sure he
was guilty—guilty as hell—and yet . . .

PEGGY CAMPBELL, Grade XII,
Douglas Hall.

THE MOUSE

Once there was a little house,
In it lived a little mouse.
He scampered all the livelong day,
Then at night he ran away.

He was back again at seven
And he worked until eleven;
And he stored his food away
To have enough for another day.

JOAN ROSS, Grade V,
Douglas Hall.

MICHAELO

*"Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools."*

—KIPLING.

MICHAELO ANGELO, struggling
artist and sculptor, lived in a hot,
dusty tenement in the Bohemian section
of the city. I had often visited his
rooms while making my by-monthly
rounds. To-day I was to resume my
duties again after a really delightful
summer vacation by which I had es-
caped the still, hovering mugginess of
New York in July. September was a
heavenly month—friendly sun-light
filtering through the thick foliage,
fresh, exhilarating breezes, opaque
skies, and warm, dreamy noon hours.

I was returning from lunch to re-
port for afternoon duty at the clinic.
Life seemed glorious, heavenly, and
worth living. My heart was light as I
stopped to buy some daisies from an
old decrepit woman on the corner. My
first call was at the Angelo's, that
large, happy family of Italians. As I
climbed the rickety stairs that led to
their rooms I remembered that Michaelo
had been working on a beautiful
marble statue which he had intended to
be his masterpiece. He hoped that
it would be accepted for the Exhibition
sponsored by the American Art Society
which was to be held here in New
York during the latter part of October.
I sincerely hoped it would be accepted.
The Angelo's certainly needed money,
but if Michaelo's work was accepted
the honor of it would gratify him more
than anything so material as money.

I was still wondering whether or
not the statue had been finished yet
when I tapped lightly on the dilapi-
dated door. No one responded so I
turned the handle cautiously and
walked in. Everything was bare and
quiet. Strange, I thought. All was
unbearably still and deserted. No mu-
sical childish voices issued forth from
the corner of the room where the
younger Angelos played. After a quick
survey of the room I conceded that
the children must have gone to the
park.

Just then I heard a slight noise from
the next room. I peeped into the room
—there was Michaelo seated on an old
chair, his head between his hands. He
looked up calmly as if he had quite
expected someone. I sensed trouble
immediately and asked quietly what
the trouble was. In his broken, simple
English he told me that his statue had
been finished and packed safely, but
when the men who were carrying it
down the stairs slipped and fell, the
statue had been smashed to bits. There
had been a terrific crash! That was all!
Nothing could be done about it.

I knew that Michaelo cared terribly
but his outward appearance was one
of calmness and serenity. The dis-
appointment that was stored inside
of him showed itself in his sad melan-
choly eyes. The words of Kipling's
poem "If" came to me then.

"Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools."

Michaelo, like Kipling's pattern of a man had to begin again and with the same ambition, same perseverance, and same patience build up his dream. He seemed older now, and the road to success would seem longer and dustier to him, but next time he would reach the top of this much be-travelled road victorious!

ELOISE EDMOND, '39,
Douglas Hall.

A DOG'S LIFE

I LEFT my diary in the city so I have been unable to write till now, because I never thought of writing it down on paper and copying it out later. Anyway, here are some of my adventures.

I called for Pug this morning, but he was still eating breakfast when I got there, so I helped him finish, though, of course, against his will. When this was done we ambled out of his yard, down the sidewalk towards Bing's house. He is my best friend next to Pug. Pug is a fat, old codger, with no teeth, and Bing is a spaniel with two large ears. We then raced over to our enemy's house, and dug up all his bones.

Finding this of little amusement, we went over to a kind old lady's house who always gives us something to eat. Today she gave Pug and Bing bones, and me a little milk. Being annoyed at this, I took half of Pug's bone when we were outside again. We had a fight over it and my mistress tied me up as punishment.

THE NEXT DAY

I am no longer tied up by a rope, and I am occupying the yard now. It is fenced off from the driveway, with a wire fence, so that I can look through it. In the very far corner of my yard there is a tree, and exactly eleven inches south-east is buried the nicest bone. I intend to dig it up one of these days and will it be nice and

wormy. In the north-east and south-west corners are likewise bones, but in the north-west corner I have a treasure, really a treasure. There is a can which is buried and in it, under the lid, are four of my baby teeth, a decayed rubber ball, and a dead bird, and it is very mouldy.

Today I had ever so much fun. I escaped from my yard; the bread-man let me out. I walked down Grosvenor almost to the end of the street until I found a big dog playing with a rubber bone. We immediately made friends. I went with him till we came to a garage. Here he told me that they were having a debate, the question being whether Irishmen are better than Scotchmen or not. As I am Scotch I immediately pointed out that the Scotch were not stingy, that they were wonderful people and were much cleverer than the Irish. Getting impatient, he told me most rudely to stop and get out at once. Then he started bunting me. I immediately dropped down and refused to budge an inch and I put up a good fight. Then, much to my amazement, he fairly screamed with joy because he had a new point. The Scotch have ability to resist!

Well, good-bye for now, Dear Diary, for Pug wants me to meet him and go out to play.

BARBARA ANNE KING, Grade VIII,
Douglas Hall.

A TYPICAL SCHOOLGIRL'S TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

HELLO? . . . Oh, Hi Molly! . . . Where was I today? Well, I had a very bad cold so I decided I'd better stay home. Cough, Cough, See? What show did I go to? Why, Molly, I said I had a cold—well, as a matter of fact, I did feel well enough to run down town this afternoon and see the Motor Show, and who do you s'pose I almost bumped into? Three guesses . . . No . . . Yes! . . . and me without my beret and chewing gum. Boy! You couldn't see me for dust! . . . What's new? . . . Don't tell me she's changed her hair again! Honest, that girl never

seems to be able to make up her mind. What's it like? . . . Page Boy? Well, that's nothing new . . . Oh, another doo-dad on top, eh? That makes three, now . . . Hey, get off the phone! . . . No, I wasn't speaking to you, Molly, somebody was on the downstairs phone. Oh, by the way, what French did we have? Oh, no, don't bother telling me, I forgot I had been away today so I couldn't possibly know my homework, could I? . . . Say, have you seen the Green's new Cadillac . . . Isn't it a "honey?" Radio and everything! . . . O.K., Mom, I'll be off the phone in a jiff! . . . Mother says my bath's running over. . . . What? . . . A History exam, tomorrow! Jiminy Crickets, I forgot all about it! . . . Gee, will I ever have to cram! . . . Bye, Molly, see you tomorrow!

SIDNEY FLANDERS, '39,
York Hall.

SING A SONG OF GRADE X

Sing a song of Riverbend
In the room they call Grade Ten,
Four and twenty giggly girls,
Each one looking for her pen.
When the classroom door is closed
And the girls are left to chatter,
Is it not an easy thing
To soon produce a clatter?

Girls at once begin to argue,
"Let's have heat!" "No, we shall not!"
Coming down the hall, Miss Carter,
Easily hears them almost shout.
Then she opens wide the door,
To her surprise she finds again,
Four and twenty giggly girls
Each one looking for her pen.

MARGARET BENNETT, 39,
York Hall.

THE STORY OF BILLY

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy named Billy, and he could hardly wait for the next morning to come. It would be Easter Sunday and Billy wanted to stay awake to see the Easter rabbit. His mother said to him, "Billy, you cannot stay awake, be-

cause the Easter rabbit will not come and give you any eggs." So Billy went to sleep, and while he was asleep the Easter rabbit came in and brought a big basket with colored eggs in it. When Billy woke up he got a big surprise. He was so happy to see all the colored eggs that the Easter rabbit had brought him.

GAIL GRAHAM, Grade IV,
Garry Hall.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

THE old stone tower stood apart from the cottage on a small hill overlooking the lake. Its stones were covered with moss, the windows were broken and the sagging door creaked on its hinges, disturbing the peace of its surroundings.

We loved to walk down to this fine old tower and spend many happy hours there. After frequent visits to the tower we felt it belonged to us. One fine day we decided to have our lunch at this spot. We took a hamper of sandwiches, Coco-Cola, and fruit. As we approached the sandy path to the door, Mary stopped still with a puzzled expression and looked at a queer mark in the sand. It almost looked like a human footprint but it was too small and there were no toe prints. We walked around the tower but could find no other clue. Then we went inside and looked around but we saw nothing. Timidly we tiptoed up the stairway, hand in hand, and peeked into the tower attic, but we saw nothing. After having a second glance around the attic we walked bravely down the staircase. We were both feeling strange by this time and decided it would be more pleasant to eat outside than in. We found the hamper where we had placed it. Mary picked up a sandwich and exclaimed that there was no lettuce in it. I had made it myself and had put a leaf in each one.

We were both puzzled over this second mystery when we heard a shrill cry. We couldn't tell where it came from. We looked up at the tower in consternation, but could see nothing.

We were both staring at each other in blank amazement when we spied Mrs. James hastening to us, waving her arms and crying, "Have you seen him, my darling Fuzzy."

"Does you Fuzzy leave queer marks in the sand and eat lettuce out of sandwiches?" I inquired.

Once more the shrill cry was repeated, followed by a lot of mutterings. We glanced up into the old tree nearby and there, from the topmost branches of the old tree, hung Fuzzy, Mrs. James' pet monkey!

BARBARA SOUTH, '40,
Douglas Hall.

DREAMLAND

Mother comes in every night,
And tucks us in real snug and tight,
Then to dreamland fast we go,
We have such fun there as you know.
Then, when the dawn of another day
Brings us home, when we want to stay,
We do not mind, but dance and hum,
For to-night dreamland again will come.

MARGARET WINSTANLEY,
Grade VIII, York Hall.

(For no apparent reason, the language of the ancients seems to appeal greatly to our present Grade XII. As child specialists have assured us that repression of any kind is harmful to this modern generation, we are presenting two attempts):

SHIAN VALLEY

IT WAS the spring of eighteen hundred and seventy. The trails were again open for the adventurous pioneers who founded this new Dominion. The heavy snows of winter had melted, filling many swamps, ditches, and lowlands with an overflow of water, making many places very difficult to pass through. However, this difficulty did not seem to worry settlers as the trails were filled with creaking, swaying, top-heavy covered wagons. Their white

ICY STREETS

COME, let us arise, we have tarried long and the shades of eventide fall fast. The roads are slippery. Be ye therefore careful lest thou crashest into another vehicle. Then Mother spake unto us saying, "Cursed be the man who driveth not with care for surely evil shall befall him." We answered unto her, "So be it, oh little Mother." And it came to pass when we had departed from thence, it grew dark and the lights shone upon the icy streets and verily we were blinded. Then the words of our Mother came unto us and we were no longer filled with fear of the ice for we drove with great care.

BETH WILLSON, Grade XII,
Nelson Hall.

WALKING —

As John Bunyan Might Say It

WALKING is a good thing. It doth serve for the betterment of man's physical being and his moral disposition. Therefore is it delightful and should be practised. For God smiles on what doth give a cheerful pleasure and a happy time; nor doth He frown on it. Some are there who have wished for evil things and wicked, but God doth not smile on these. It is best that ye go out into the world of Nature and see the lilies of the field, the fowls of the air, and the Lord's wonders. Therefore, ye God-fearing ones, walk.

PEGGY CAMPBELL, Grade VII,
Douglas Hall.

canvas billowing in the wind looked as if they were white sentinels acting as a truce to any oncoming enemy. In some of the happier moments of the train a great chorus could be heard accompanied by banjos strumming out the old favorite, "Oh Susanna," and many other western favorites. However, their life was not all a life of pleasure as you will notice as the story continues. The wagon train of which I'm about to relate the story consisted of

twenty-four wagons, each wagon being accompanied by two guards. Eight men on horseback brought up the rear while twelve went in the lead. Two scouts went further ahead to look for Indian signs or any other danger that might threaten the train. At night the wagons were stationed in a circle so as to make a barricade to nightly invaders. Night watches went on and off in shifts. This particular night as the train was in Indian country no fires were allowed and the settlers had to be satisfied with a cold, stale supper.

The train had been on the trail for two weeks and was nearing exhaustion. Fort St. Charles, their destination, was still twenty miles away and that particular territory was one of the wildest. The atmosphere of the whole camp was very tense as they knew that danger lurked in every thicket. A great deal of care had to be taken in defence as Indians signs had been reported by the scouts during the day. Night sentinels were doubled. Orders were "Silence, Ammunition Ready." Everyone was ready for a fight, although some thought a few shots would scare away the red devils. The unearthly silence continued until four o'clock in the morning when the red men launched a fierce attack. Every brave was armed to the teeth with Indian weapons and fiercely painted with hideous colors. This tribe, the Shian, really intended to wipe out the white men who were so boldly crossing their territory.

In one of McPherson's wagons, Jane was dressing her father's wound and was thinking very seriously of the whole situation. Many men were wounded and ammunition was running low—they would be able to hold out only a few days more. Something had to be done at once or the whole train would be massacred. There was one chance. She had to take it over if it meant her life. Jane clothed herself in leather breeches and riding boots, armed herself with two guns and prepared her father's other wagon. Just at daybreak, when the firing and volleys of poisoned arrows had ceased for an instant, Jane took this opportunity of

frightening her horses so that they bolted right into a passing herd of buffalo crossing the plain. Many arrows ripped through the canvas but failed to reach her crouched person in the front of the wagon. The buffalo divided and left a considerable space between themselves and the wagon, saving the horses from being trampled down. The Indians were forced to give up the chase as they would have been gored to death the instant they had entered the herd.

When Jane finally came to, the horses were idly walking along a road and it was the clip-clap of their feet on the hard beaten road that had finally brought Jane to her senses. The race across the plain had been too much for her and when the wagon had given a sudden jolt she had collapsed into a great blackness. As her senses finally returned she knew that this road must be near the fort, as hard beaten roads were scarce in those days. As Jane's wagon topped the next hill, Fort St. Charles could be seen in the distance. The horses seemed to understand as they quickened their steps before she gave the command. When Jane reached the fort she was so fatigued that it was all she could do to explain to the General that the cavalry was needed in Shian Valley. Not depending on anyone else to find the train, Jane herself led them by the shortest route to the besieged train. With the sight of the long procession of cavalry the Indians seemed to know they would be defeated and slunk off into the surrounding woods.

With the cavalry as a guard, the train continued the last part of their journey in safety. At the fort the wounded were taken care of and the families made comfortable. Jane was highly praised and honored by the General and given a magnificent black horse in return for her great service.

After this adventure Jane was given the name of "Calamity Jane" and in later years was known as one of the great pioneer women of the west.

BETTY LADLAW, '38,

Garry Hall.

A RABBIT

ONCE upon a time I went for a walk in the woods. I saw lovely wild flowers and birds. I was looking at them when I heard a little noise. I was startled, but when I looked, I saw a little rabbit. He was caught in a trap. I felt sorry for him. His leg was bleeding. Suddenly he said something. I thought he said, "Please help me." I got him out, carried him home and bandaged his leg and fed him. I looked after him for some time. He seemed to like me looking after him, but one day he said, "Would you let me go home now to mother and father rabbit?" So I let him go home and every Easter he puts Easter eggs at the door.

LOIS DONNELLY, Grade IV,
Douglas Hall.

SNOWFLAKES AND FAIRIES

A million little diamonds
Were twinkling on the trees,
The fairies say they come in ships
From far across the seas;
And when the chests are opened
They flutter and they shake—
And gently fall upon the earth,
A fairy land to make.
Each gayly dance on twinkling toes;
Then, down the little snowflake goes
To form a blanket soft and warm
And keep the plants all safe from harm.

MILDRED LONGSTAFFE, Grade VI,
York House.

A TRAGIC END

ONCE upon a time, for that is how I always begin my stories, I was a bit of steel. Of course I felt proud of myself and I felt sure I would be part of a clock or part of an important object.

One day I was moulded, and I was so sure I would be something very important that I swelled with pride, but when I came out I found to my great disgust I was an insignificant little pen-nib. It took me a time to get over my disappointment and when I finally

did I found myself in a box with a crowd of other pen-nibs. After a while I found that all of us were brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles and cousins. I was an aunt to fifteen pen-nibs and grandmother to thirty-two. There were seventy-five of us in the box. Then one morning, we were taken to a store and sold to a girl. Next morning we were put in what I later learned was a school-bag. Then came several surprises. One day Great-Aunt Bess disappeared, then my niece Carol disappeared. At last the box was opened and I felt somebody pick me up and lift me out. I was never so scared. Then I was fitted into a painted wooden thing. One day I dropped on the floor and cracked. Then my owner took hold of me and after nearly smothering me pulled me away from the wooden object and I was thrown in the basket. Now I am at the bottom of the rubbish heap and before something ends me I will end my story.

MARGARET WINSTANLEY,
Grade VIII, York Hall.

MY WISH

I wish I were a running brook
That runs right through the forest,
And in my bank I'd have a nook
Where birds would sing in chorus.

I'd be a bubbling little brook,
You know the kind I mean,
The kind you read of in a book
A kind you've never seen.

RUTH SANDERSON, Grade VI,
Douglas Hall.

A MYSTERY IN APRIL

MARJORIE Maitland was a boarder at Riverbend School. She had just arrived and was feeling rather blue. Mrs. Munroe had placed her in the "Rose and Gray" room with Doris MacLean. Doris and Marjorie were in the same grade and made friends quickly.

Marjorie had been boarding for a month and two weeks, when one morning she noticed a note on her dresser. She opened it and saw three words,

"one more week." She was terrified, but didn't tell a soul. On the night before the fatal day she told Doris all about it. They decided on a plan to capture the person that was writing the notes. That morning they went to school like heroines. At night they felt just the opposite, as it was dark, the wind was howling, the rain was pouring down and their imaginations ran away with them. Altogether they were quite frightened. They thought they saw eerie figures, but found it was only the dresser or a door. Marjorie heard a noise and called to Doris.

"Doris! Did you hear that? I'm scared! This place is too creepy for me."

"Silly, it is only a mouse in the closet. If you're that scared, come in with me," was the response. "Don't

make so much noise. Everybody in the house will hear you."

Willingly, Marjorie crept in Doris' bed with just a few toes stubbed. They covered their heads up with the blanket and soon fell asleep.

In the morning there was another note on her dresser. It said, "IT IS HERE." Poor Marjorie could hardly think she was so frightened. She thought she had better study Grammar as it was first period. She opened her book and found another note pinned to the page they were to study. This note said, "THIS IS IT." Marjorie nearly fainted when six or seven girls, of her grade, came in and said, "April Fool!"

RUTH SANDERSON, Grade VII,
ELYNOR CRAPPER, Grade VII,
Douglas Hall.

SLEEPY HOLLOW

B-R-R-R! Suddenly I was snatched from the arms of Morpheus by the ring of my old alarm clock. My first thought was to turn over and try to recapture those beautiful dreams which had been shattered. It was then that I remembered that this was a special morning, that to-day I was going to La Riviere.

Quickly, I rushed around gathering together all my clothes and trying to get dressed. This task had become very difficult for no matter how I tried, I couldn't put my two legs into the one pant-leg of my ski-slacks. After stumbling over most of the furniture in my room, and waking the whole household,, I was ready for breakfast. This, in my state of mind, took quite awhile. At last, finally, I was ready. So gathering my skiing equipment together I rushed out to the car. It didn't take us long to get to the train. In fact, before I really realized it, we were on our way.

Finally we had arrived, for there, directly before us were the skiing slopes just waiting to be used, or shall I say, silently waiting for their prey. But at a time like this, such thoughts were

far from our minds. As I looked down from the "Nursery Slopes," it seemed that everyone of the five hundred skiers on the train was in front of me. As I gave that feeble little shove, which silently I hoped wouldn't start me down the hill, my only wish was that they would be able to get out of my way, because I knew I couldn't get out of theirs. Beginner's luck, however, went hand in hand with me down the slope for much to my surprise I reached the bottom in one piece, and actually standing up. Then came the climb back up the hill which took fifteen minutes of time and about fifteen pounds of energy. When I reached the top my legs felt as if I would never be able to walk again.

After I had gone down the hill two or three times without falling, I decided to try something harder. I started up the slope called "Sleepy Hollow," which is not an appropriate name, I assure you. After much puffing, groaning and many cold glares from the skiers who were following and thus had to go along the pace I was setting, I reached the top. As I looked down the hill I realized that I had taken the wrong move,

and politely stepped back, so that my fellow-sufferers who were also looking a trifle worried might go down before me. One by one they started, leaving fewer and fewer of us, until finally I was left standing alone, with no reason whatever for staying. I knew I couldn't walk down and there was only one other way, which, after much contemplation I took. Really, I can't explain the first few moments but after that everything that happened will always be very clear to me. I can still remember that tree which, looming up so suddenly before me, looked like a whole forest joined into one trunk. With lightning speed of mind and body, I whipped by, missing it by fully an inch, although I still don't know what I did, or how I did it. On I went, on the wings of the wind so I thought, until suddenly I was no longer on such wings, but on something much harder, and much more real. Yes, you guessed it, it was good old mother earth. As I slowly unwound myself, that damp feeling began to creep over me. And no wonder, for I had snow everywhere but under my feet. After some time I managed to get back up again, and away I went once more. This time I was able to reach the bottom of the hill without further mishap.

This procedure continued on through the day although I am proud to say, that later I did go down some of the hills without falling, in fact, by the end of the day, I felt like quite an experienced skier. The train started for home at five o'clock. The first hour of the return trip was spent in eating, a task which none of us found very difficult. The other two hours were spent in talking about our experiences of the day. The train arrived in Winnipeg at ten-thirty, and at eleven-thirty, just one hour later, I was slowly climbing into bed, after examining my souvenirs of the day, which existed mostly in bruises And so to sleep, which reminds me, that this is where I came in.

FERNE LOUNT, '38,
Nelson Hall.

(Two famous lines by Rudyard Kipling have been of great inspiration to many aspiring young authors. The following stories show three Grade X reactions to the same quotation.)

THE CRISIS

NAT Wilson's shoulders dropped lower, as his huge, broad frame sprawled contentedly in the old wooden chair in the ramshackle log cabin.

Outside, a full moon stared down pale and ghostly upon the sleeping lumber camp. Millions of still paler stars clustered about in the lantern-lit heavens. Not a sound broke the quiet stillness except for the steady dip, dip, dip, of the floating wharf on the river. The calm was intense, the long, dark shadows seemed to form themselves into myriads of great giants waiting for—for what?

A dog barked—Nat sprang to his feet, stopped in horror. A ghastly pallor spread over his face, his hand swept to his head, as a fit of dizziness seemed to overwhelm him. Outside the silence had changed into a turmoil of sound, hoarse voices, the shrill scream of panic-stricken horses, but, above all that crackle of burning wood. The truth—and with the truth, reason—came to Wilson. The timber was on fire—destruction, ruin!

Then, curiously, he remembered:

"If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,

"And treat those two imposters just the same."

Yes, that was Kipling, and he was right. With Nat it had been Triumph—and now—Disaster! He had met Triumph calmly, with a cool deliberateness, now Disaster had reached him.

Broad shoulders straightened. His six feet, two inches, seemed many more. He was ready for anything and determined to keep his head. A great hand pulled the door opened and he disappeared into the night.

ANNA MAY COGHILL, '39,
Garry Hall.

IF YOU CAN MEET WITH TRIUMPH

MARY MARTIN gazed rapturously at the big sign on the theatre marquee—"Andrea Gordon—Discovery of 1940," was written in blazing electric letters. So Mary was no longer plain Mary Martin, struggling to make ends meet and scrape up enough for singing lessons. She was Andrea Gordon—opera star. Triumph was hers and she was well on her way to a bright career in opera and screen.

"I'm going to make the best of it, too," she promised herself. "I'll make life and people pay for everything they have tried to deny me. I'll have and do all the things I've wanted all my life."

And she did. Every contract, engagement, movie, and publicity stunt had to be arranged to flatter her and with directors, co-stars, conductors and every one with whom she dealt she was the most unpopular prima donna in America. Her manager knew that the truth of the matter could not long be kept from Andrea's public, so he suggested a tour of Europe, thinking perhaps a change would help her temperament. Andrea readily agreed, sure of captivating the continent.

As she had expected, the Europeans adored her, as her America. But her reputation spread amongst the concert managers and her offers dwindled till no manager would risk engaging her.

On her return to America she spent a few weeks in New York. Listening to the radio one night she happened to hear a popular news commentator say:

"Flash! What prominent young singer, recently returned from a not-so-successful tour in Europe is known in Hollywood as the girl who couldn't take her fame? The young lady, with ability aplenty and lots of charm, could be America's sweetest sweetheart but for her superiority complex. Watch yourself, Miss High-and-Mighty, you're slipping."

"And that, ladies and gentlemen, concludes your nosey columnist's tidbits for tonight. This is Allan Stuart wishing you—"

Andrea snapped off the radio and jumped to her feet. She felt a familiar shiver down her back. A temperamental outburst was coming on. "Cal!" she screamed.

Her manager poked a worried face through the door-way. He knew the symptoms all too well.

"Take me down to that studio! I'll show that impudent columnist he can't get away with that."

As he drove her to the broadcasting studio, Cal thought grimly, "I wish you luck, Allan Stuart, but your name is practically mud, I'm afraid."

At that moment Allan Stuart was preparing to leave his office, all unaware of the storm about to break. A few seconds later the astonished commentator saw a miniature cyclone whirl into his office. Andrea, eyes ablaze and shivering with fury screamed at him for fully five minutes and ended abruptly by slapping his face.

But the young man also had a temper and a mind of his own. "Are you through?" he asked.

She was, but only because she was out of breath.

"Then let me tell you something," he said. "Everything I said tonight is true and you must be blind if you can't see you're the most unpopular star in America."

"I seem to have a good many fans yet," snapped Andrea.

"I wonder how many you'll have when they find out what you're really like? And you know they're bound to sometime—sometime soon, too. They'll push you down very fast, Miss Gordon. Surely you can realize that from seeing it happen all around you. Think it over."

Andrea did think for a moment, but only long enough to find some suitable retort. Lacking a verbal one, she took a more effective method. Picking up the nearest unattached object, she hurled it in the general direction of the unfortunate Allan and fled from the office, slamming the door so hard that the plate glass shattered in its frame.

Allan came out from behind his desk, where he had taken refuge and remarked drily, "I must have said something wrong."

Completely ignoring her manager who was waiting to take her home, Andrea stamped out of the building and hailed a taxi, telling the driver to keep going until she stopped him. The driver hadn't much imagination, so he just kept going around and around the block. Each time they passed the studio entrance Andrea made a wild face at the window of Allan Stuart's office, much to the amazement and amusement) of the passers-by. Finally the driver attempted conversation.

"Had a quarrel with Al Stuart, Miss Gordon?" he asked.

Taking her silence for affirmative, he continued. "I heard that broadcast at the stand tonight. I can't say I blame you much for being mad, Miss Gordon, but ain't it only admitting you're the one he was panning and you know he was right when you blow up like that. You know, you're my favorite star, Miss Gordon, but I've heard some kinda nasty things lately and—"

"I asked you to drive me around, not to lecture me on the model movie actress, and so on," snapped Andrea. "Stop here. I've had enough of this joy ride."

The driver stopped abruptly, fearing to lose the fare if he annoyed the irate Miss Gordon any further. Andrea paid him, however, and then, finding she had only her lucky penny left, proceeded to walk home. Arriving there, she found she had not only sore arches, but also a conscience, which kept popping up to remind her of all the nasty outbursts she had indulged in and all the mistakes she had made, thinking to benefit herself. She tried reading a book, going out to dinner, to a movie, but all in vain. Mr. Conscience kept pricking and pricking. Even her favorite pastime, revealing her identity and gathering large crowds of admiring fans to her, failed to eliminate that constant reproaching voice in the back of her mind.

"Cal!" she said disgustedly, some days later. "Do you know what I've just discovered?"

"Heavens only knows that or anything else about you," said Cal, ready for anything from a sewing bee to an earthquake.

"I've really got a conscience," said Andrea flatly.

Cal raised one eyebrow quizzically, as if to say, how did you know I was expecting everything else but that. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"Have Allan Stuart over to dinner tonight."

* * *

A year later, in Allan Stuart's office Andrea was listening to Allan announce the orchids for the best performances of the year. She stuck her tongue out at him as he said: "While presenting awards for the best performances of this year, we can't overlook the best "re"-formance of 1941. An orchid and hearty congratulations to Andrea Gordon, America's sweetest sweetheart unspoiled, and now the best sport in Hollywood. She's here in the studio now, so excuse me a moment while I take time out to kiss her."

And why shouldn't he? After all, he was her husband.

SHIRLEY McLEAN, '39,
Douglas Hall.

THE UNDERLINED WORDS

DR. JOHN WILSON was feeling decidedly proud of himself. Hadn't he just made a successful operation,—one which very few men had made. And did he not have a fortune thrown in? Life was wonderful! What an important person he looked, strutting up and down the hospital lobby. Every other doctor, interne, and nurse, even down to the humblest in the hospital, knew about Dr. John Wilson's most miraculous operation. So the surgeon was conscious of admiring gazes and hearty congratulations given to him,





and drew himself up to his full height and dignity when the superintendent praised him.

It was late that night when Dr. Wilson finished his calls and was looking forward to home, rest, and best of all, family. He was surprised to see his wife looking a bit anxious when he came in.

"You look worried, Mary, or are you tired?"

"John, dear, Paul is sick. I wish you would come and see him and do something to help him. He has a temperature, and complains of a sore back. Oh, I thought you would never get home."

"That's tough on Paul, poor chap. Yes, Mary, I'll be right up to see him." "Paul sick? It's very queer, he has always been such a sturdy youngster. I'll go right upstairs now and not eat."

Five minutes later John went into the room where his eight-year-old son lay stretched out on the bed. Paul was so changed from the last time his father had seen him two days before. Now, his face was hot and feverish, his large sombre eyes stared out into space until they rested wearily on the figure of some man, a familiar man,—his father! He tried to get up but fell back with a gasp of pain. As Wilson completed the examination of Paul, he became more and more worried over his son's condition. "Can it be? No, it can't, it mustn't."

Yes, it was true. After a consultation with several doctors little Paul Wilson was rushed to the St. George Hospital with that dreaded disease, Infantile Paralysis. For days the boy was wavering between life—and death. But he put up a wonderful fight and so did Medical Science, the very best that Dr. Wilson could buy. Wilson was so concerned over his son that he slumped in his work. Everybody knew why he was so haggard and pale, but why was he taking it so hard? All was being done that was possible.

Paul lived, but the cruel disease left him a hopeless cripple. His back was useless to him now, and for the rest

of his life he would never be able to walk. Nevertheless, he bore his trouble like a man.

One evening after work, Wilson went into his son's room laden with toys. But instead of being thanked for them he was faced abruptly by the question, "Dad, why are you so gloomy, you aren't half as much fun as you used to be?"

This hurt Wilson and he tried to make excuses.

"Why—I—er, I'll be—, say how do you like that book I brought you yesterday?"

"It's perfect, Dad, especially this poem of Kiplings, 'If.' Do you want to read it?"

Slowly Wilson glanced over it, but his eyes filled with tears when he came to two lines heavily underlined in crayon. He read them,—

"If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat these two imposters just the same—"

Wilson looked at his son, then took the weak hand in his, "I too will underline them, my boy," he said.

CATHERINE BINGEMAN, '39,
Garry Hall.

THE SCORELESS TIE

The teams lined up, the whistle blew,
And down the ice the forwards flew,
The centre shot, the goalie saved,
Spectators yelled and booed and waved.

The rebound missed the winger's stick,
The chance to score just didn't click,
The play went on, a scoreless tie,
Until a period had gone by.

We all trooped out for intermission
To discuss the different teams' position,
Eating peanuts, drinking coffee,
Chewing gum and munching toffee.
Back we went to take our places
To watch the boys go through their
paces.

The second period at last had started,
When across the line a forward darted
Right through the guard with careful
aim

He shot—but it was all in vain.

The centre tripped him, down he went,
The centre off the rink was sent,
The crowd was angry, shouting threats,
Throwing programmes, making bets.

The game went on, with one man off,
They couldn't score and did we scoff.
Full strength again, they skated fast
The pace was swift but couldn't last.

We all trooped out for intermission
Our faces gave way our disposition,
Eating peanuts, drinking coffee,
Chewing gum and munching toffee.
Back to our seats in silence walked,
No one muttered, no one talked.

The face off now was stern and tense,
Forwards, centres, and defence
Were still, but when the whistle blew,
Off they went, as comets do!

The power plays failed and rushes too,
The tie still held, what would they do?
A flashy centre broke away,
He shot, but could not make the play.

Thus it ended, no team won,
Both were champs, so no harm done,
The game was thrilling, fast and clean,
In fact the best we've ever seen!

MARGARET GRABAN, '38,
York Hall.

MY WALK

ONE bright, sunny day in June I decided to go out and take a walk. The weather was beautiful. The sky was a bright blue, the sun was golden yellow, and there were so many different kinds of colors of flowers all nodding to the sun that I just stood and looked at all the beauty around me. I felt so thankful to God for all the lovely gifts that he had given to his chil-

dren. I felt sure that His love for me was very great when He had given me so many lovely things to look at and enjoy.

I continued on my walk until I came to a little rustic cottage. It was painted white with dark green shutters at the windows; and there were roses, larkspur, nasturtiums, blue-bells and ferns in the garden. The grass was green and at one side of the lawn there was a little brook, tumbling and bubbling over the rocks that were in its way. The brook was very happy and pretty and I could just imagine that it was singing a happy little song. Just beside it there were ferns which were leaning over and dipping their tips in the sparkling water. Some little pansies and blue-bells were also leaning over the water trying to catch the reflection of their pretty faces in the brook.

It was, by far, the loveliest little cottage and the simplest and prettiest garden that I'd ever seen.

Judging the kind of people that lived in this darling little place by the garden and house, I decided that they probably wouldn't mind if I sat down by the brook to look at my surroundings. I must have fallen asleep, for I dreamed that it was my own house that I was at. I suddenly awakened up thinking how pleasant it would be if my dream ever came true.

All of a sudden I saw on the house a sign which had these words written on it: "For Sale, Apply at the Smith Building on Emerson Street, Office No. 144."

This seemed too good to be true! I pinched myself quite hard to see if I was still dreaming. But, no, I wasn't.

I jumped up from the side of the lovely little brook and decided to go down to the office named on the sign. I knew that one of my friends was in the real estate business, but he'd never told me where his office was or anything.

So you can imagine my surprise when I walked into office No. 144 and found

that my friend was the person who had put up that sign on that dear house.

I was thrilled, and he said that I could buy it. I was so excited that he must have thought that I was certainly crazy.

Lo and behold! my dream had come true, and the dear little cottage with the babbling brook in the garden was actually mine!

HELEN McLEAN, Grade VII,
Nelson Hall.

SCHOOLGIRL'S SONG

With apologies to Thomas Moore

Sound the loud lunch bell o'er River-
bend's halls,

While over the tumult the lunch table
calls;

Shout—for the reign of the teacher is
broken,

Her spell has been shattered that bade
us to slave.

How vain was her chiding—the bell
hath but spoken,

And seniors and juniors are caught in
the wave.

Sound the loud lunch bell o'er River-
bend's halls,

While over the tumult the lunch table
calls.

Down with French proses, down with
all Lit.,

French words give us headaches, and
so we just sit.

Who shall return to tell teachers the
story

Of homework undone and of books
left behind.

Clark Gable looked out and the theatre's
glory

Drove all noble notions of study from
mind.

So sound the loud lunch bell o'er River-
bend's halls,

While over the tumult the lunch table
calls.

BARBARA ALLAN, '39,
Nelson Hall.

BREAD

(This is an account of one of the many interesting things the Grade V's and VI's have done this year.)

ON the twenty-second of October we went to the Spiers-Parnell Bakery to see the making of bread.

First we saw the flour in the basement, where it is kept for three weeks before it is used. We went up four flights of stairs to see the dough being mixed, then it is put in big vats and put in a very hot room to rise. It is then shaped; we climbed up some stairs to see that being done. It is a machine that the dough goes through, there are knives in the front, so when the dough comes through it comes out like very big buns. As they come out they are sprinkled with flour, then they go on two canvas belts and are squashed flat.

They are put in pans and then put in a room that has steam coming up through the floor, to rise.

Then it is taken to the oven where it is baked from thirty to thirty-five minutes. It is then taken to the room where it is wrapped, and some is sliced before it is wrapped.

KATHLEEN RICHARDSON,
Grade VI, York Hall.

HOW SOUR THE RISING BELL

(With all due apologies to Shakespeare)

... How sweet we boarders sleep upon
our beds!

Here will we lie and let the sounds of
morning

Creep in our ears. Still let us slumber
on.

What matter teachers or the rising bell?

Lie still, Mary. Look how the floor of
the room

Is thick inlaid with clothes of yesterday.
There's not the smallest boarder thou
behold'st,

But in her bed lies still as though asleep.
Still waiting for the window to be
closed,



OUT-OF-DOORS AT RIVERBEND

Such harmony is before we stir,
For whilst these blankets and soft pil-
lows

Doth grosely close us in, we cannot rise.

SHIRLEY McLEAN, '39,
Douglas Hall.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PAIR OF DANCING SHOES

MANY years ago, when the fairies lived in Canada, dancing shoes were never heard of.

One day a little fairy called Snow-drop was playing in the meadows. Suddenly she let out a cry of pain because she had a sliver in her little toe. She could not walk because it hurt her, so she decided to fly to the shoemaker who was a goblin and get him to make her some little slippers.

When she arrived at the goblin's shop she told him what she wanted and soon the goblin was a busy little man.

Soon the little fairy could see the leather forming a little foot and when he had finished she paid him and slipped them on, and that is how dancing shoes began.

When the great big stores heard of this they too began to make them. The first store to have them was the Fairy Shop Company.

THE STORY TOLD BY ONE PAIR OF DANCING SHOES

I was first tried on by a little girl, but her feet were too large. I felt sad when she did not buy me. But soon another little girl came in, and she bought me. The little girl's name was Mary.

I was first danced in at the Fairy Hall. I was proud because Mary was such a good dancer and had to dance a lot for the people, and because all the people picked me up and admired me.

When I arrived home Mary put me back in the box and carefully put me on the shelf. I was tired, and soon fell asleep. In my sleep I dreamed how well

cared for I was, and very soon morning came. I was still thinking of what had happened last night when Mary came to take me to her dancing lesson.

After I had been used for at least three years, Mary's feet had grown and I was too small for her feet, so she put me away.

After many years had passed when Mary was married and had children, she wanted to show them her first dancing shoes. They could not find me, and they looked and looked and, at last, found me down in the cellar. All her children loved me and once more I was a happy pair of dancing shoes.

ELEANOR SOUTH,
Grade VI, Garry Hall.

SCHOOLGIRLS' LAMENTS

(A plus B) squared results in what sum?

We work and we slave till wer're cold and numb.

Miss Gregory says that algebra's grand,
But we'd rather be listening to Good-man's band.

Miss Sheffield says Nelson was a fine,
brave man

Because, at Trafalgar, the Frenchmen ran.

Miss Grant says Latin is easy to see,
But, confidentially, we disagree.

And science! We learn that the earth has a force

Which draws bodies to it—Miss McLeod is hoarse.

From saying, constellations are groups of stars,

That there cannot be air on far-off Mars.

With French and with English our minds are a haze,

And Galileo's theories leave us in a daze.

But we'll grin and we'll bear it with true bravery,

For without education, why, where would we be?

MARY McLEOD, '40.
Nelson Hall.

A LEGEND OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

"The Witch of the St. Lawrence"

THE ruthless Iroquois were the most dreaded of all enemies to the people of old Quebec. Greater than that was the people's fear of the witch, Matshi Skueou, who was said to be more than supernatural. She had no settled abiding place but wandered from camp to camp, up and down the river. Everyone knew of her, and the terrible tortures she inflicted upon children. No one ever saw her in the day time, but at night any lone wanderer, going along the river bank, was likely to see before him the vision of a tall, terrible creature, her sea-green eyes beckoning to him and her purple hair covered with flags. Her copper skin, her violet lips, with their terrible smile, were full of fascination. Descending from the moon, she would appear on the waters of cascades on the silent sands of the downs, among the vapours of the valleys or the sea tides, aiding and abetting her fearful friends the Iroquois. The people who were her victims were attracted by soft movements that seemed to raise a dust of bluish sparks to dance about her; and her voice was mysteriously beautiful.

People have connected a certain rock at Point Rivière Quelle, with the legends of this witch. One night long ago Madame Houel with her young son left Quebec in charge of a famous canoer. She was on the way to join her husband. Suddenly, from the distance, the child heard exquisite music and saw "a woman in white" walking on the water. His mother told him that it was only the moonlight. However the canoer knew that the Iroquois had sent their witch to find them, and he and his Indian paddler tried many devices to elude her, but all in vain. In the end the delicate woman and her son were subjected to awful tortures on what is known as Iroquois Point.

This was a frightening story, and before long the people in that part of the country knew about it. For years afterwards old men would say, "Children, do not go out in the evenings on the banks of the river at the rising of the new moon, for down behind the green fringe of the reeds 'the lady with the flags' watches for little children."

ROBERTA JEAN MCQUEEN,
Douglas Hall, '39.

THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE

THERE is a house in England which has an attraction for tourists of every age. It is perhaps the smallest house in the realm, but this does not lessen its popularity. This minute mansion, The Queen's Dolls' House, despite its size, is a perfect model of a twentieth century home, down to the last detail. It is kept at Windsor Castle, and none visiting this palace fail to see the famed miniature.

There is one chamber in this fascinating house which is of special interest to children. This is the night nursery, which contains all children's furniture, including the beautiful apple-wood cradle, inlaid and bound with silver. Next to this is the day-nursery with its thrilling toy theatre—electrically

lighted, its tiny gramophone, and its piano with two atomic volumes of nursery rhymes set to music.

The floor below the nursery contains the large and stately drawing-room. This chamber is a pattern of elegance and simplicity. The walls are covered with rose-coloured silk damask, embroidered with an elaborate design in gold. The tiny chairs and sofa display the most exquisite and microscopic petit point which must have taken an incredibly long time to work. Perhaps the most wonderful attractions in the room are the beautiful portraits on the walls. They are as minute as every other object and yet every feature in the faces is perfect.

For those who like lavish and lux-

urious surroundings, there is the Queen's bedroom. This cool apartment, whose main color scheme is blue, is typical of the Queen Anne Period. One of the most interesting details in the room is a tiny portrait of King George V, on the Queen's dresser. It is not more than a quarter of an inch square and yet is quite recognizable. The Queen's bathroom adjoining the bedroom is another astonishing apartment. The floor is mother-of-pearl and the walls are of ivory, with panels of green shagreen.

In contrast to the above is the bedroom and bath of the King. These rooms are magnificent and majestic and naturally more masculine than those of the Queen. The bathroom is in a fantastically beautiful design combining white marble, jasper, and a grey-green Indian stone.

The entrance hall of the house, although undisturbed by many furnishings gives a remarkable effect of color. There are two tiny mites in armour which mount their guard over the fine painting of "Windsor Castle from the River," by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, R.A.

There is a room which is necessary in every house, and which therefore is not omitted from the Dolls' mansion—that is the dining room. There is an entire dinner service for eighteen people for state occasions in silver, wrought in an intricate design and there is another dinner set of china for common use. On the walls there are a great number of famous paintings, each of exquisite beauty and of great value.

The studious visitors and even those who are not studious are attracted to the particular quality of the library. The walls of this room are lined with rows and rows of books. But they are not merely painted rows. Each book is by a well-known author and is quite easy to read. There are some books on art, some reference and some are even fairy stories. There is a tiny writing desk in this room too, with stationery of a diminutive size, and two little books for stamps.

Below these apartments which I have already mentioned there are the service quarters—the kitchen, the butler's pantry, and the scullery. And even farther below there is the wine cellar with its half-inch bottles containing perhaps one drop of wine.

After examining the interior one's attention is next drawn to the outside of the house. On one side there is a garden of infinitesimal quality and yet perfect in every detail to the tiniest petal of the tiniest flower. There is a garage connected with this mansion too. It contains six limousines, each guaranteed never to need repair; a motorcycle, complete tools and cleaning materials, a gas pump and a fire engine.

Having completed our view of this unbelievable wonder, we realize that, however small it may be, millions of hands and millions of eyes were used in its creation. How many people lost their patience?—One can only wonder.

MARJORIE MCKINNEL,
Garry Hall, '30.

FRAGMENTS OF THE LIFE OF A DETERMINED WOMAN

SHE looked about the room. Hospital rooms weren't exactly comforting, she thought wryly. At least charity wards weren't. She wondered if the private rooms in which the over-wealthy could be ill, were greatly different. Slowly she turned her head. That precious bundle in the curve of her arm was worth more than all the wealth in the world. Her mind turned to the father. The rotter, she thought

without malice. He had deserted her when he had learned that there would be one more mouth to feed. She looked again at that small, quiet bundle. A girl! How she had longed for her! What tedious hours her unaccustomed fingers had spent on those tiny stitched clothes. She hugged the baby fiercely. It was hers! The smiling nurse came, and taking the baby away, uttered the usual banalities that sprang readily to

her lips. She looked after the nurse and reflected that nursing must be a wearisome job. Then her face changed. Her eyes glinted and her mouth tightened in her white face. This was the last time her baby would enter a charity ward, she vowed. If ever she had to come to hospital again it would be on another flat, where only the over-wealthy were ill. A white cloud seemed to cover up her thoughts and she fell asleep.

* * *

The raucous laughter of restaurant voices filled the room. A spotlight glared on the floor, and she appeared in the middle of it. As she sang there was silence then hearty applause. Fools, she thought, why do they come to this place when they might be at home. She turned quickly and made her way to the dressing-rooms. Carefully removing her make-up, she changed into a street-suit and hurried from the building. She watched the beautifully dressed men and women and listened to them as they criticized or praised the leading celebrity. Her eyes glinted and her mouth tightened. Some day, she promised herself, it would be her name that would be mentioned with awe by these grand men and women. She walked on down the street.

* * *

The dancers glided on the floor without making a sound; the onlookers spoke quietly among themselves, and the orchestra played softly. From the balcony a voice began to sing, and the dancers stopped to look upward. As she sang she thought of that little tousled head lying asleep, with its rosy cheeks seeming even rosier when next to the white pillow, and she smiled to herself. She looked at the people below. Fools, she thought, why do you linger here when you might be happier at home. Graciously she bowed and left the room. The muffled sound of applause reached her as she threw her cloak around her shoulders. Smiling at the doorman she stepped into the waiting taxi and sped homeward.

The announcer's bland voice introduced her. She stepped forward, nodded to the pianist and began to sing. Her voice throbbed through the room, soothing her listeners and then raising them up to a pitch of ecstasy. Her song over, she nodded to the announcer and left the studio. She walked into the adjoining room and waited. Through the partly open door she heard fragments of conversation — "Surely wonderful — such poise. Such technique — such beauty — opera needs her." Taking her coat from the chair, she left the room. She thought of the young girl anxiously sitting by the radio at home, and smiled.

* * *

She walked slowly away from the tumultuous applause that was still echoing throughout the great hall. She was glad the concert had been a success, but these tours in foreign countries certainly made her weary. The German audience had been unusually sympathetic and their naturally stolid nature had been raised out of its lethargy. She sank into an easy-chair. Motioning the maid to leave, she closed her eyes and prepared herself for an hour's rest. Half an hour later she was awakened by the maid's excited voice exclaiming that there was a cablegram from her daughter. Opening her eyes she demanded the message. It wasn't true! Her baby was going to be married? Impossible! It was true and tomorrow was the wedding day. Giving hasty orders to the maid as to her luggage, she ran from the room. Protests from the manager were of no avail. She had to be home by tomorrow. Hailing the first taxi, she sped toward the airport.

* * *

The great clusters of flowers lent a gay aspect to the hospital room. A radio played softly in the room. The young man helped her to the door. A smiling nurse met them there with a white bundle in her arms. "I'll take the baby," said the older woman, standing by the window and held out her arms. The

young man and girl smiled at the nurse and slowly left the room. As the women followed, she stopped and called the nurse to her. Holding the baby in her arms she said thoughtfully, "send all the flowers down to the charity ward."

JEAN VINSON, '38,
Garry Hall.

One of the oldest and most honored members of the school was asked for a contribution to the magazine. She replied, somewhat unhelpfully, that she would rather do twenty Algebra questions than write one story! Although this was rather unusual, we did not want it to be done in vain, and are therefore printing the two best.

$$\begin{array}{r} x + 4 = 8 \\ x = 8 - 4 \\ x = 4 \\ * * * \\ y \quad 11 \\ \hline 3 \quad 2 \\ 2y = 33 \\ 33 \\ y = \hline 2 \end{array}$$

IRIS NORMAN, '38,
Douglas Hall.

THE CORONATION

(Continued from page 26)

Our whole trip was full of days such as these. Each one contained something worth while. Each day brought us something new and exciting, but I could never begin to tell you of everything.

Practically every high-school in the Dominion was represented and you cannot imagine what an honor it was for us to be representatives, an honor which has made an impression that will last all our lives.

MARJORIE MCKINNELL, '38,
Garry Hall.

THIS space was originally intended for our annual column on staff weaknesses. This year, however, despite much research, no such weaknesses could be unearthed. So that the staff should not feel neglected, we are dedicating their usual corner to them.

Miss Edgar: "What is the outstanding contribution that Chemistry has given the world?"

Ferne: "Blondes."

* * *

Editor: "Your article isn't bad but you must write it so that any fool can read it."

Eloise: "Which part don't you understand?"

* * *

Mona Shirley: "I'm going to take the elevator to the next floor."

Joan P.: "Well be sure to bring it back."

* * *

Florence McCurdy: "There was nobody home last night, so I sang to the clock."

Betty Best: "Trying to kill time."



OUT-OF-DOORS AT RIVERBEND

RS

ALUMNAE

RS

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1937-1938:

<i>President</i>	BETTY McHATTIE
<i>Vice-President</i>	GRACE CLARK
<i>Treasurer</i>	EDNA PINFOLD
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	MARGARET ALDOUS
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	MARGARET ANDERSON
<i>Social Convenor</i>	DOROTHY CREELMAN

AS THE years pass, Riverbend Alumnae are gradually spreading throughout the world and making themselves known by their ability in whatever their chosen field. Across Canada and in England we have particularly large groups. Perhaps you would like to know where some of them are and what they are doing.

ENGLAND

Evelyn Hay continues to reside in London, as also does Mrs. Dennis Weatherell-Pepper (Beth Kennedy). Mrs. Elmer James (Jean McLean) came home to Winnipeg for Christmas, but has since returned to London, where her husband is doing post-graduate work. Mrs. William Humble (Mary Bull) is the proud mother of a son, born early in the new year. Carla Lehmann represents Riverbend in the field of dramatics and has had the distinction of appearing with Dame Ellen Terry. Every success to you, Carla. Frances Heakes is attending a girls' school in London, where life is very different from what we knew as school life.

SCOTLAND

Muriel Beth Gourley is an assistant instructor in the Zoology Department of the University of Edinburgh and also takes some subjects in her spare time.

CANADA

Starting at the West Coast of Canada we find Katherine Hall, Monica

Cave, Betty Crawford, and Betty Moxon residing in Vancouver.

Our Toronto group is composed of Margaret Evans, studying music; Pat Blair, who has just received her M.A. in Child Psychology, and is going to a Girls' Camp in Algonquin Park for six months' internship; Isobel Hutchison, and Dorothea Tait who are attending University. Jane White is in training at the Sick Children's Hospital. Mrs. Robson (Dorothy Young), also lives in Toronto and is the mother of a daughter, Nancy, who visited Winnipeg last summer with her mother.

Elsa Lehman is doing Social Service work in Toronto, after having completed a course at McGill.

Elsbeth Wilson is an instructor at the Margaret Eaton School of Physical Education and is very happy in her work.

Riverbend is represented in Montreal by the following:

Mrs. Ron Chadwick (Ruth McFarlane, who is in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital; Catherine Walton is attending McGill.

UNITED STATES

Helen Jane Nicholls is doing technician work at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore and from all reports is getting on exceptionally well.

Now for news of those who keep the home fire burning:

Margaret Macdonald is now Mrs. Jim

Johnson and resides at Kenora. Her wedding was an event of last summer.

Peggy Carlisle is now Mrs. George Reade and continues her riding with as much verve and enthusiasm as ever.

Roberta Yates is entering the Indianapolis Post-Graduate Dietetic School for a further course of study.

Kathleen Corke is head of the Ophthalmic Department of the Children's Hospital, after having completed a course in Birmingham, England. This is the only department of its kind in Canada, and we congratulate Kay on her enterprise.

Sally Coyne deserves a word of praise for the ability with which she handled the office of Chairman of the Junior League Hotel Day.

Roberta Lee joined the staff of Home Economics at the University as an assistant in the first year of the course, and is at present spending the summer in Europe.

Mary Elizabeth McIntyre is busy learning Swedish.

Betty Neal is taking pupil dietetics at the General Hospital.

Ruth Macdonald is working in London, Ont.

Helen McInnes is teaching in Winnipeg schools.

Edith Haig is making a name for herself in connection with University Dramatic productions. She has been taking major parts and is to be congratulated on continued success in her roles.

Agnes Richardson has just completed her first year at Queen's, having continued to keep up her reputation for good work.

Constance Guy, Margaret Anderson, Lydia Klein and Alison Warner are ardent Glee Club workers and they have helped to make these productions outstanding events in University life.

Betty Newcombe and Lydia Klein are both prominent in University Sports, being on their respective faculty basketball teams. Morna Kenny is playing basketball for Science.

Ruth Baldry graduates from Science

this year and will enter Medical School in the fall from which she intends to emerge with an "M.D." after her name.

B.M.

Ban Righ Hall,
Queen's University,
Kingston, Ont.

Dear Girls:

Still proudly wearing the "R" pin, and frequently writing my letters on school note-paper (of which I seem to have had an amazing amount), I am often reminded of Riverbend. In these retrospective flights I see myself surrounded by girls wearing blue tunics, blue blazers, blue berets, not to mention black stockings. I can not picture myself as one of those "grey and red" girls who are so distinctive and smart. I am no longer at Riverbend. I am a Freshette at Queen's University at Kingston, Ontario, and it is of my life here that you have asked me to write.

Queen's is one of the oldest and most beautiful universities in Canada. The buildings are all made of the limestone for which Kingston is famous. They are situated close together on the central campus.

It is compulsory for Freshettes to live in residence. I live in Ban Righ, the main residence, which accommodates sixty-five girls. One hundred and eighty girls, including those from the annexes have their meals in our dining room. We also have a lovely common room in which several dances are held throughout the year. Also the girls gather here to sing on Sunday evenings.

There are no sororities at Queen's, but instead of this all the girls automatically become members of the Levana Society. As part of our initiation all Freshettes had to wear berets until Christmas. They were dark wine-red with bright blue and yellow bows on top, and for neglecting to wear them we had to pay a fine of fifty cents. (Miss Carter might find a similar process very effective.)

Because Kingston is so small the

students provide most of their own entertainment, giving a dance nearly every Friday night. In the fall football causes a great deal of excitement. True enthusiasm was shown by the large number of supporters who attended a Toronto-Queen's game here in the pouring rain. A punt afloat at one end of the field attracted considerable attention. The hockey games are also extremely popular.

Although the arena is reserved for students at certain hours, everyone prefers the thrill of skating on the lake. The struggle along the shore against the wind is well repaid by the pleasure of gliding back effortlessly. We have a new gymnasium with basketball and badminton courts, a large swimming pool, and facilities for numerous other forms of sport.

So far I have said nothing about the less pleasant side of University life. Every day including Saturday we attend lectures from eight until twelve. The afternoons are comparatively free. Final exams commence on the eighth of April. I am looking forward to being present at the Riverbend closing.

Wishing you every success with this year's Vox Fluminis.

Sincerely,

AGNES RICHARDSON, '37.

Kappa Kappa Gamma House,
University of Washington,
Seattle, Washington.

Dear Girls:

It seems so funny that I should be some two thousand miles away from you all and having to write a letter instead of being able to talk my head off. But here I am at the University of Washington and the idea occurred to me that you might like to know something about the life at a big American university.

The University of Washington has between ten and eleven thousand students, but it's a very good one and very beautiful. It's on rather rolling ground, with lovely big trees and pines.

It has only snowed once here this winter, over Christmas Day, so it is sort of a perpetual fall—you don't need fur coats and I very rarely wear a hat. But to get back to the University, I suppose there are some twenty to twenty-five really big buildings and a wonderful library building. It's immense, and it's a decidedly complicated business to find out how to take out a book,—I'm still learning. Just to show you how complete it is—they have every issue, as far back as 1900, of most any magazine or periodical you ever heard of, as well as every imaginable book. The library is always crowded, too, not just because every one is so very studious, but because every one has so many spare hours a week, that they fill in time by doing their homework in the library.

You see classes here start at eight o'clock and go till five, but that doesn't mean each person goes for that long. Because there are so many students, in some subjects there are as many as five classes on the same lesson in one day, and of course you only go to one of them, so you very rarely know anyone in your class;—this term it just happens that there is one other girl taking the same three subjects that I am and at the same time, but that's very unusual. I expect you are appalled by the mention of three subjects, but the way they work it is that you take three to five subjects a quarter (depending on the number of classes in each a week), write an exam in each, and then you're finished with the subject, and you go for three terms (or quarters) a year. Some of you may have heard that I was taking golf last term and were surprised—that was because it is compulsory for each girl (the boys take army or navy training) to take five quarters of some sort of gym in her first two years of University, besides real classes, and you can get practically any kind of gym—tennis, swimming, folk and tap dancing, basketball, archery.

Before I finish I want to tell you about one of the oldest traditions around here. It is the ringing of the

chimes (in a big chimes tower on the campus) twice a day by a totally blind man. He plays at eight and twelve and it is so grand to walk to your classes, all the time hearing the chimes peal out some jazz tune, or something like "Country Gardens."

But now I must end this lengthy letter by wishing you the best in all your school activities.

An old Riverbender,

KAY HALL, '35.

721 University Place.

Evanston, Ill.,

April 19, 1938.

Dear Girls:

Thank you for your kind letter asking for news of me.

I am continuing my studies at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. The campus is situated right on the shores of Lake Michigan and occupies approximately the same area as our Fort Garry Campus. The students have a real bathing beach a block from their dorms.

My first vivid impression of Chicago was the hectic ride in the taxi from the station to Northwestern's campus, a matter of approximately twenty-two miles. Chicago drivers literally tear up the street and really weave in and out of traffic. The scenery was absolutely lost on me as I spent the greater part of my time covering my eyes as cars loomed directly in front of us.

It was with a fervent sigh of relief that I found myself standing on the Zeta Tau Alpha doorstep. I was still in a daze from my ride and am sure I strongly resembled a ghost, but I did notice some of the house's main points—a beautiful living room furnished modernistically with an enormous white stone fireplace bearing Zeta's crest cut into the stone; a beautiful recreation room furnished in blonde maple; bedrooms with studio lounges instead of beds, each bedroom done in a different color scheme.

These American students are very individual. The girls attend classes all winter in bare legs and angora ankle socks, with gay peasant kerchiefs tied over their curls. At the first flurry of snow they don ski suits. Imagine Riverbend's students coming to classes in ski suits! Many of the boys wear slacks and white sport shoes during the winter, and he who has the dirtiest white shoes is the best dressed man.

Believe it or not classes start at eight o'clock. A great deal of time is spent trying to arrange your time-table so that the joy of early rising will be unnecessary.

Saturday afternoons during the football season are spent at the stadium watching the games. Thousands of people attend, as the whole town of Evanston takes great pride in "their football team" as they call Northwestern. The whole town mourns if the team loses. It is a wonderful spectacle. After every touchdown purple balloons are released. It is a beautiful sight to watch hundreds of balloons rising gently from the stands.

I really believe this is all the space I can take up, but needless to say, I could write several more pages. I like Northwestern; I like the Americans. They keep one thoroughly interested and entertained, and not the type of entertainment you drop in the aisle along with your ticket stub after the show, for pleasant memories last a long time.

Best wishes for everyone and success to Vox Fluminis.

INAS GEORGE, '35.

461 Cornel Pringles,
Quilmes,
Buenos Aires,
March, 1938.

Dear Peggy:

Thank you very much for your letter. You asked me to write something for the school magazine so I will try to give a short account of my journey to South America and my life there.

After leaving Winnipeg we were

three nights and two days on the train and eighteen days on the ship. The train journey was not very interesting and I was glad that I had brought some reading material. I didn't have much sleep at nights because the train jerked so much.

We sailed from New York on an American liner, the Southern Cross. It was more interesting than the train because there were movies, lots of swimming and many different games such as deck tennis, shuffleboard and ping pong.

When we landed at the Buenos Aires dock, after short stops at the Ports of Rio de Janeiro, Santos and Montevideo, my father met us and drove us to our house.

At first I was greatly disappointed because it is not very different from North America. Of course Buenos Aires is a much larger city than Winnipeg and the streets are more crowded and busy than the Winnipeg streets.

I have not met any Canadians so far. The English people here think I am American and the Americans think I am English!

I go to an English private school and all the children speak Spanish much better than I do. The grades go like this: One, Two, Three B, Three A, Four B, Four A, and Five. A preparatory school comes before this. I will be in Three A after these summer holidays, which last from December the ninth to March the seventh. February is our hottest month. There are no singing or hygiene lessons but I have to learn algebra and geometry.

All my friends here can ride and I am riding a lot now. We often ride along the sands of the Rio del Plata or River Plats. The bathing is very good in this river and one cannot see across it.

I have a golden cocker spaniel pup called Ginger born on Coronation Day, and a black cat. We have a big garden full of fruit trees and flowers for them to play in.

I take dancing from the ex-leader of

the ballet at the Colon Opera House. Fortunately she can speak English though she is an Italian by birth.

We are enjoying three days of "Carnival" now. Everyone dresses up in costumes, even the grown-ups. In the evening we drive around the streets which are covered with confetti and flowers. It is all very gay and happens every year.

I am afraid I have written far too much so please take the part you want and leave the rest.

With best wishes to all my friends at Riverbend and write again soon, Peggy.

With love from,

DAPHNE STANLEY-HARRIS.
Grade VI.

19 Spencer Hill,
Wimbledon,
London—S.W.19,
February 1938.

Dear Girls:

After a page or so of extremely rash flattery your editor made the request that I should write and give an account of myself. She thanked me in advance—so what else could I do but take up my pen and oblige?

I love this London town. There is something that holds and fascinates. It is old and quaint, yet large and bewildering. Everywhere you witness a struggle between the old and the new. The ancients cling tenaciously to their old customs and buildings while the moderns brazenly proclaim a new era. For instance in the London of today you may see a row of buildings black with age and suddenly find a huge modern cinema occupying the place of importance at the corner. In fact London is a whole succession of contrasts. There are huge double-decker buses towering over tiny miniature cars, the noisy underground railways and the quiet cathedrals, the gay brave little garden plots even in the worst slum districts surrounded by the belching smoke of factories.

Another thing I will never cease to

wonder about is the number of beggars on the streets. Perhaps it is hardly fair to call them that because they do earn their pennies and in widely divergent ways. There is the organ-grinder sometimes with his saucy monkey, more often pitifully alone. Occasionally you may catch a glimpse of a street artist daubing colors onto a dirty piece of cardboard, or even decorating the pavement on which he sits. The well known flower girls still hold their own. Even though they are not the gay young things I once imagined them to be, they have the most glorious array of flowers imaginable and a rich cockney accent.

No doubt you would like to know something about English schools. Or have you already been saturated with school girl annuals? At present I am one of the number of "young ladies" who may be seen walking in that well known formation "The crocodile." We are distinguished, not one from the other but one rival school from the other, by our peculiar old fashioned velour hats with the telling band depicting the favorite color of the head mistress. We will probably be carrying either our satchels or our hockey or tennis bags and nearly always have a raincoat near at hand—being one of the necessities of life in this country. Actually things aren't as different as one is given to believe. You are expected to work hard and play hard and the English girl manages both very well, chiefly because she takes her studies and games seriously. Until she is about eighteen her whole life centres around her school and she cares surprisingly little about clothes or beaux. A great deal of stress is placed upon

the various arts. Painting and music hold top place but quite a few go in for pottery and sculpture.

Most English people are quietly amused at what they call our American ideas. They are dreadfully suspicious of central heating and much prefer to produce filthy black fogs from their numerous chimneys. The things they blame on this terrible heating system are really astonishing. One of the most popular theories is that it causes flu. Our gardener, who is quite an authority on local history, informs us that after one epidemic of the dread disease all the big hotels had to remove their central heating. He tells another weird tale of a woman who blamed the death of her husband onto the heating system. But he may be prejudiced because he looks after our furnace!

On week-ends, when it isn't raining or that nasty gentleman the fog isn't paying a visit, nearly every Englishman takes to the country. And if the family pocketbook won't stretch that far there is always a nearby park, or heath. The English parks are really wonderful. Here in Wimbledon we are quite close to Richmond. It is a lovely place full of beautiful herds of deer, gnarled old oak trees and tiny lakes where small boys play with sailboats. There are no set bridle paths for riders. You may gallop up hill and down dale just as the fancy, or the horse decrees.

It has been grand chatting to you all again but I mustn't be a dog in the manger.

All the Very Best Wishes .

Sincerely,

FRANCES HEAKES, '37.



DEFINITIONS

WE have long been brought up on uninteresting dictionary definitions. Your Editor feels that the following ones, though lighter are equally true:

A Gossip—a woman with a strong sense of rumour.

Dust—mud with the juice squeezed out.

Mother's definition of a pedestrian—a woman who owns a car and has two daughters going to Riverbend.

Toast—what you eat in the morning and drink at night.

Flattery—soft soap and soft soap is ninety percent lye.

Diplomacy—the art of letting someone else have your way.

A Politician—a man who's got what it takes to take what you've got.

A Pekinese—a cross between a muff and a chrysanthemum.

A Sheik—a guy who always has a gala night.

The Perfect host—one who, when a guest spills the salt, overturns the table and smashes the mirror in order to save him from being embarrassed.

A Skunk—A striped cat with B.O.

A Grass Widow—one whose husband died from hay-fever.

A Modern Girl—a vision in the evening and a sight in the morning.

An Excuse—anything which will satisfy a teacher.

Teachers—individuals who talk whenever they want to but only let us talk when we haven't anything to say.

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

Canadian - Bemis Bag Co.

ALEXANDER AVE. AND PRINCESS ST.

Compliments of . . .

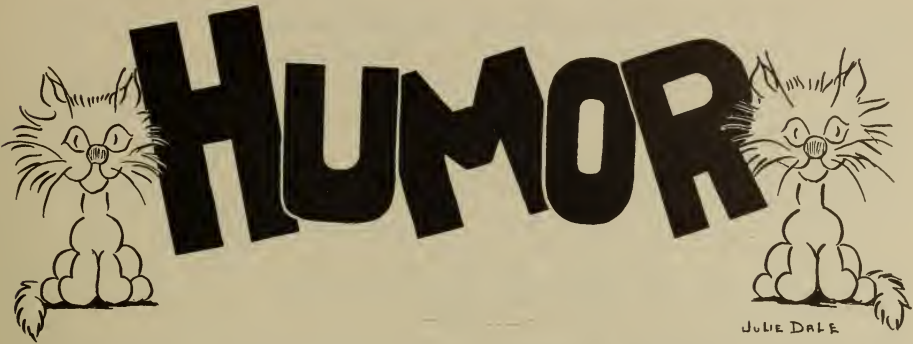
The Wallingford Press Limited

Producers of
High Class Printed Matter

TELEPHONE 21 368

WALLINGFORD BUILDING

KENNEDY STREET



Phyllis Chester: "I drink about fifty cups of coffee a day."

Barbara C.: "Doesn't that keep you awake?"

Phyllis: "It helps."

* * *

Mary P.: "I saw the cutest hat downtown."

Irene: "Put it on and let's see how you look in it."

* * *

Miss Sheffield: "What is the name of the place where the 'League of Nations' is held?"

Nora: "The Garden of Eden."

* * *

Pat V.: "Goodbye, Miss Edgar, I want to thank you for all I have learned from you."

Miss Edgar: "Don't mention it, it's nothing at all."

* * *

Judge: "What were you thinking about when you stole the sheep?"

Prisoner: "I must have been wool-gathering."

* * *

Iris (arrested for speeding): "But your honour, I'm a Riverbend School-girl."

Judge: "Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody."

* * *

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone,
The first one is the teacher's joke,
The second one, your own.

* * *

Her best friends wouldn't tell her, so she flunked the exam.

Disgusted Mother: "I hear you are always at the bottom of the class. Can't you get another place?"

Student: "No, all the others are taken."

* * *

Mary Irvine: "Any mail for me?"

Postman: "What's the name?"

Mary: "It's on the envelope."

* * *

Lorna: "The horse I was riding wanted to go one way and I wanted to go another."

Marjorie G.: "Who won?"

Lorna: "He tossed me for it."

* * *

Peggy C.: "I hear you got thrown out of the University for calling the dean a fish."

Betty Newcombe: "I didn't call him a fish. I just said, 'that's our dean,' quickly."

* * *

Cop (finding a drunk clinging to a lamp-post and knocking on it loudly): "Hey, nobody lives there."

Drunk: "Hie, you're a liar, theresh a light upstairs."

* * *

Barbara A.: "Did you hear what your friend said about you?"

Shirley: "No, I was in the other group talking about her."

* * *

Girl: "I simply adore that funny step. Where did you pick it up?"

Boy: "Funny step nothing. I'm losing my garter."

* * *

A pupil's knowledge varies inversely as the square root of the distance from the teacher.

Mother: "Well, what did they teach you at Riverbend today?"

Student: "Oh, teacher told us that Columbus went 2,000 miles on a galleon."

Mother: "Don't believe all she tells you about those American cars."

* * *

Traffic Cop: "Don't you know what I mean when I put up my hand?"

Old Lady: "I ought to: I was a school teacher for 35 years."

* * *

Janet Edgar: "The Lord made us beautiful and dumb."

Gloria: How's that?"

Janet: "Beautiful so men would love us and dumb so that we would love them."

* * *

Marg. Dowler: "Where have you been for the last four years?"

Julia Dale: "At college taking medicine."

Marg.: "And did you finally get well?"

* * *

Father: "Young man, I'll teach you to make love to my daughter."

Boy: "I wish you would, I'm not making much headway."

* * *

Verna: "I have a magnetic personality."

Anne: "Yes, your clothes are charged."

* * *

Judge: "I shall let you off today, but the next time you appear before me for speeding I shall send you to jail."

Caroline: "Sort of a weather forecast, eh judge?"

Judge: "What do you mean."

Caroline: "Fine today, cooler tomorrow."

* * *

Maria: "Good night, Franny?"

Frances: "It sure was."

Louie thought she was a chemist,
But now she is no more,
For what she thought was H_2O
Was H_2SO_4 .

* * *

Miss Grant: "Why do you call your alarm clock Macbeth?"

Mary McC.: "Well, Macbeth doth murder sleep."

* * *

Miss Edgar: "Eleanore, can you explain the binomial theorem to me?"

Eleanore Troup: "Just what don't you understand, Miss Edgar."

* * *

Mrs. McDowell: "Beth, did you filter that solution?"

Beth: "No, I didn't think it could stand the strain."

* * *

Eileen Gray: "Seen my golf socks, Mary?"

Mary Harris: "What do you mean,—golf socks?"

Eileen: "They've got eighteen holes in them."

* * *

Helen Palk: "Can you imagine anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

Joan H.: "Sure, how about a centipede with corns."

* * *

A girl may be wearing a bathing suit when she can't swim, a ski outfit when she can't ski, but when she puts on a wedding outfit she means business.

* * *

June: "Was Betty-Jo cool when she discovered a burglar in the school?"

Joyce: "Cool, she was so cool her teeth were chattering."

* * *

Mary Rose: "What are you writing?"

Marg.: "A joke."

Mary Rose: "Give him my love."

SOME NEWS OF FORMER STAFF

Miss Jean Connacher	Mrs. Frank Le Blanc	Dalhousie, N.B.
Miss Kathleen Dunlop	Mrs. R. Litch	Winnipeg
Miss Ruth Fellows	Fenelon Falls, Ontario
Miss Coralie Fraser	Mrs. Godfrey Lomas	Chemainus, B.C.
Miss Doris Henley	Kingston, Ontario
Miss Marian Macdougall	Mrs. Fred McDowell	Winnipeg
Miss Dorothy Rutherford	Mrs. J. A. Logan	Columbia, Mo.
Miss Evelyn Shillington	Mrs. L. A. H. Smith	Timmins, Ontario
Miss Verna Vaux	Mrs. Ted Boecker	Naperville, Ill.
Miss Beatrice Wilson	Y.W.C.A.	St. John, N.B.
Miss Laura Cull	Retired	Vancouver, B.C.
Miss Mary White	Moulton Ladies' College	Toronto, Ont.
Miss Barbara Erith	Surrey, England
Miss J.M.V. Foster	Girls' School	New York State
Miss Gwen Fraser	Mrs. Donald Leonard	Halifax, N.S.
Miss Gwen Bowman	Mrs. Nigel Lawrence	Winnipeg
Miss Leita McKibbin	Mrs. D. H. Kobold	East Kildonan
Miss Dorothy Mackereth	Mrs. S. R. Kirk, secretarial work in Lon-	don, England
Miss Gertrude Amies	Mrs. Stanley Laing	Winnipeg
Miss Phyllis Lee	Married in West Africa
Miss Constance Young	Principal, Mount Allison Ladies' College,	Sackville, N.B.
Miss Mary Matheson	Mrs. T. R. Gunn	Eagle Rock, Calif.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

DOUGLAS HALL

<i>Name</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Telephone</i>
Head—Peggy Murray	728 South Drive	47 038
Secretary—Roberta Jean McQueen	283 Yale Avenue	46 936
Treasurer—Peggy Campbell	7 Almonte Apts	33 547
Sports' Captain—June Lear	187 Yale Avenue	46 476
Eleanore Troup	299 Lipton Street	71 868
Iris Norman	943 Riverwood Ave., Ft. Garry	46 097
Marjorie Gardiner	89 Scotia Street	57 196
Florence Stirling	224 Campbell Street	402 509
Mary Raike (c/o Mrs. G. F. Dent)	414 Campbell Street	
Verna MacLachlan	The Pas, Manitoba.	
Eloise Edmond	824 Wellington Crescent	41 466
Frances Walker	197 Oak Street	401 486
Shirley McLean	405 Devon Court	28 580
Joan Heaslip	Red Rock, Ontario.	
Barbara South	92 Niagara Street	401 163
Joyce Johnston	71 Cordova Street	402 771
Ruth Wilkinson	239 Niagara Street	403 450
Winnifred Ruth McIntyre	258 Dromore Avenue	41 789
Marnie Brooks	578 Sherburn Street	
Barbara Ann King	1050 Grosvenor Avenue	41 517
Jane Lee	115 Brock Street	403 038
Audrey Tritt	1121 Grosvenor Avenue	41 212

<i>Name</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Telephone</i>
Elynor Crapper	20 Wellington Apts.	
Ruth Sanderson	20 Biltmore Apts.	
Doreen Gibson	334 Elm Street	403 427
Joan Ross	401 Waterloo Street	403 854
Lois Donnelly	96 Furby Street	31 344
Dorothy Macallum	7 Dalkeith Apts.	71 121
Dalores Caldwell	1 Harvard Apts.	
Joan Kirkwood	8 Riverview Mansions	36 762
Mary Mathers	340 Dromore Avenue	45 658
Maida Johnston	36 Purcell Avenue	36 873
Julian Harris	125 Wellington Crescent	49 798
Donna Plant	146 The Glen, St. Vital	

STAFF—

Miss Sadie Gregory	292 Waverley Street	401 185
Miss Mildred Crawshaw	530 Rathgar Avenue	48 588
Mrs. F. McDowell	40 Royal Crest Apts.	49 306

GARRY HALL

Head—Patricia Murray	728 South Drive	47 038
Secretary—Catherine Bingeman	342 Dromore Ave.	41 088
Treasurer—Marjorie McKinnell	120 Canora St.	30 895
Sports' Captain—Jean Vinson	160 Cordova St.	403 215
Ruth Rich	102 Handsart Blvd.	61 570
Judy Bennett	231 Kingsway	41 077
Pat Veysey	849 Wolseley Ave.	33 114
Emily Hayes	Rose Valley, Sask.	
Nora Donnelly	96 Furby St.	31 344
Virginia Hopper	17 Harvard Ave.	43 045
Betty Laidlaw	West Kildonan	55 617
Barbara Colyer	225 Dromore Ave.	45 641
Anna May Coghill	58 Furby St.	39 343
Barbara Allan	165 Leighton Ave., E. Kild.	501 591
Ethna Mitten	181 Ethelbert St.	34 591
Joan Macarthur	182 Waverly St.	402 575
Eileen Gray	401 Kingston Crescent	203 928
Betty Slater	253 Overdale St.	62 272
Marguerite McDonald	52 Balmoral Place	33 316
Mary Elizabeth Edgar	105 Brock St.	401 515
Betty Jo McCarten	127 Harrow Ave.	47 630
Doris Pelkey	Greysalon Apts., Spence St.	71 134
Mary Carpenter	233 Hertford Blvd.	61 016
Marjorie Kehm	38 Crescent Place, Wilmette Iowa.	
Doris Moscarella	323 Kingsway	43 875
Mona Shirley Paget	219 Overdale St.	61 237
Carol Dahl	497 Raglan Road	33 413
Virginia Ross George	221 Academy Road	47 711
Elizabeth Gilchrist	1015 Wellington Crescent	46 586
Eleanor South	92 Niagara St.	401 163
Jean Gardiner	89 Scotia St.	57 196
Gail Graham	69 Middle Gate	73 335
Marilyn Smith	119 Handsart Blvd.	62 245

<i>Name</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Telephone</i>
Mary Mackay	157 West Gate	71 881
Marjory-Lynn McIntyre	258 Dromore Ave.	41 789
Sheila Smith	University of Manitoba	44 951
Eileen Hart	9 Seridan Apts.	35 392
Deane Hillsman	94 Middle Gate	35 940

STAFF—

Miss Josephine Sheffield	Lyndhurst, Ont.	
Miss Edna Burns	Oak Lake, Man.	
Mrs. Alice Price	124 Walnut St.	30 039

NELSON HALL

Head—Caroline Harris	125 Wellington Crescent	49 798
Secretary—Mary Harris	125 Wellington Crescent	49 798
Treasurer—Ferne Lount	214 Overdale St.	61 294
Sports' Captain—Louie Leistikow	1 Amhurst Apts.	49 036
Beth Willson	185 Lyle St.	63 571
Virginia Hopper	17 Harvard Ave.	43 045
Phyllis Bacon	688 Jessie Ave.	48 465
Margaret Dowler	81 Waterloo St.	402 779
Anne Shaw	1 MacKinnon Road, Ottawa.	
Julia Dale	3 Winnitoba Apts.	31 327
Edith Argue	189 Kingston Row	204 434
Helen Winram	130 Machray Ave.	52 101
Mary Irvine	Pine Falls, Manitoba.	
Phyllis Chester	548-B Stradbroke Ave.	43 224
Barbara Allan	165 Leighton Ave., East Kild.	501 591
Esther Stronach	292 Montrose St.	401 642
Maureen Knights	Port Arthur, Ont.	
Mary McLeod	3 Alcade Apts.	45 553
Shirley Pinfold	43 Middle Gate	34 907
Marion Booth	1190 Wellington Crescent	402 478
Lorna Aikins	218 Roslyn Road	47 084
Joan Pickard	297 Yale Ave.	45 032
Helen McLean	901 Wellington Crescent	43 992
Helen Palk	336 Dromore Ave.	41 495
Lois McLean	3 Kingston Row, East Kild.	201 362
Doris Donnelly	96 Furby St.	31 344
Mary Colyer	225 Dromore Ave.	45 641
Mary Elizabeth Judd	366 Elm St.	401 025
Phyllis Graham	184 West Gate	73 319
Helen Emerson	196 Waterloo St.	401 174
Betty Cooper	389 Montrose St.	402 039
Elaine McInnes	1274 Wellington Crescent	403 606
Jeanette Spencer	227 Waverly St.	403 216
Frances Abbott	127 Grenfell Blvd.	61 579
Helen Graham	184 West Gate	73 319

STAFF—

Miss Marjorie Edgar	Harriston, Ontario.	
Miss Ainslie MacKinnon	31 Glenwood Ave., Toronto.	
Miss Mary McLeod	5 Lancaster Apts.	43 257

YORK HALL

<i>Name</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Telephone</i>
Head—Margaret Graban	102 Roslyn Road	42 990
Secretary—Margaret Bennett	231 Kingsway	41 077
Treasurer—Mary Paterson	Fort William, Ont.	
Sports' Captain—Mary Rose Mackenzie	248 Wellington Crescent	41 179
Maurine Stuart	Keeler, Sask.	
Jean McFarlane	171 Arlington St.	36 836
Phoebe Macnab	1031 Durham Ave., Calgary, Alta.	
Betty Morton	120 Hertford Blvd.	63 315
Irene Pieper	Gretna, Manitoba.	
Ruby Benidickson	311 Baltimore Road	42 064
Kathleen Benner	537 Basswood Place	30 539
Shirley Cruikshank	154 Oak St.	401 974
Beverley Elsey	235 Munroe Ave., East Kildonan	503 794
Sidney Flanders	57 Kennedy St.	21 108
Maria Kipp	1030 Wellington Crescent	403 421
Gloria Brown	220 Waverley St.	401 510
Anne Colyer	225 Dromore Ave.	45 641
Janet Edgar	105 Brock St.	401 515
Phyllis Hunter	305 Baltimore Road	42 976
Joan Sanderson	20 Biltmore Apts.	
Betty Best	104 Walnut St.	34 635
Florence McCurdy	993 Dorchester Ave.	49 891
Margaret Winstanley	320 Waverley St.	403 388
Joan Harris	125 Wellington Crescent	49 798
Joan Francis	188 Langside St.	30 164
Shelagh Lear	187 Yale Ave.	46 476
Mildred Longstaffe	29 Oakview Ave.	501 532
Betty Johnson	36 Purcell Ave.	36 873
Kathleen Richardson	475 Wellington Crescent	44 678
Sherry Carruthers	951 Wellington Crescent	45 564
Lorna Body	48 East Gate	31 465
Joan Carruthers	951 Wellington Crescent	45 564
Mercedes George	221 Academy Road	47 711
Barbara McLean	901 Wellington Crescent	43 992
Marion Rose	965 Grosvenor Ave.	47 677

STAFF—

Miss Allison Grant	10440—83rd Avenue, Edmonton, Alta.
Miss Gladys Coke	944 Warsaw Ave.



The College of Higher Standards



ACCREDITED
by

Active
Employment
Service



Independent
B. E. A.
Examinations

OUR
ADMITTANCE STANDARD FOR DAY
CLASSES IS

GRADE XI
(Supplements Allowed)

There is no higher standard in Winnipeg

CLASSES ARE CONDUCTED CONTINUOUSLY
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

THE
Success

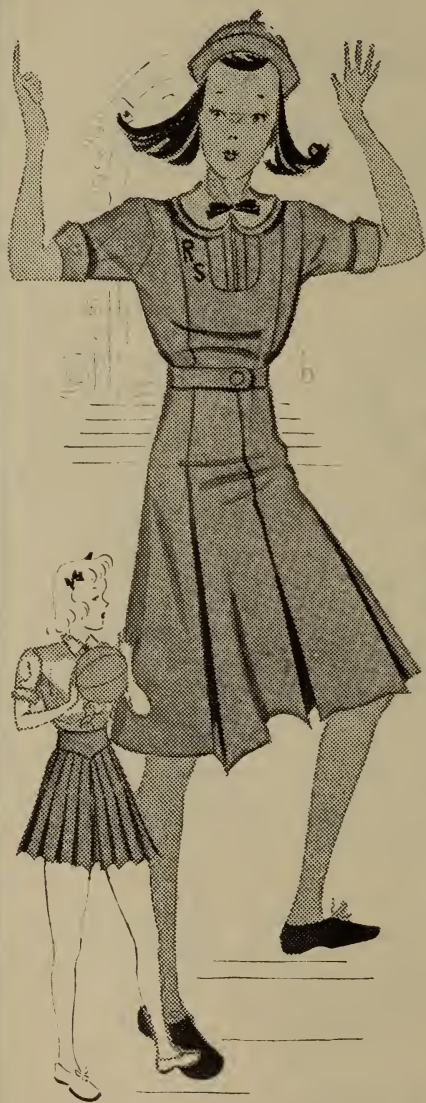
Business College

D. F. FERGUSON, *President*

Portage Avenue at Edmonton Street

Phone
25 843 or 25 844

RIVERBENDERS!



. . . Your SUMMER UNIFORMS

Are At the "BAY"

- Cool, immaculate dresses, designed for young charm and freedom of action. Carefully cut of long wearing, pre-shrunk Indian Head, they have deep pleated skirts, deep hems and neat zippered fronts. Grey, with white collars. Sizes 6 to 15 years \$3.25
- Matching Bloomers. Each \$1.00
- Matching Hats are grey Indian Head calots. Each 69c
- Gym Shorts of fine grey English flannel. Wide pleats for fast moving games! Sizes 6 to 14 years. Each \$2.95

*Juvenile, Second Floor,
The "Bay"*

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 27th MAY 1670.

Complete Grain Handling Facilities

COUNTRY ELEVATORS Capacity 4,000,000 Bushels

TERMINAL ELEVATORS Capacity 4,000,000 Bushels

at the Head of the Great Lakes

31 GRAIN CARRIERS ON THE LAKES

*Whether it be a Wagon Load or a Car
Load, Your Interests Will Be Served.*

N. M. PATERSON & COMPANY LTD.

WINNIPEG - FORT WILLIAM

Young Folk Need Plenty of "GOOD BREAD"

Energize Young Bodies

With . . .

"CANADA BREAD"

"The Quality goes in before the name goes on"

Whether it be to replace energy expended in the classroom or outdoors, the best body fuel is an appetizing wholesome bread like "CANADA BREAD."

CANADA BREAD CO. LTD.

PHONE 39 017

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY CAKES TO ORDER

COMPLIMENTS . . .

BARTON, FERGIE & CO.

NATIONAL CARTAGE BUILDING

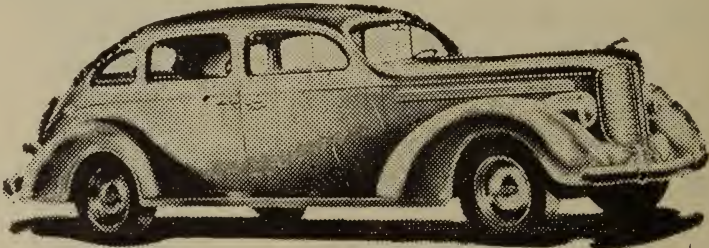
Agents for

INDEPENDENT BISCUIT CO., LTD.

Manufacturers of those delicious . . .

CHOCOLATE PUFFS - CHOCOLATE GRAHAM WAFERS
HOME MADE COOKIES, Etc.

"Only the Best for Riverbend"



1938 DODGE CUSTOM FOUR-DOOR TOURING SEDAN

Complete - **\$1,149.00** - Winnipeg

DODGE WINNIPEG SALES

Hits all time high record during 1937

Breen Motor Company Limited

247 MAIN STREET

AIKINS, LOFTUS, AIKINS, WILLIAMS & MacAULEY
BARRISTERS, Etc.

WINNIPEG

-

-

-

MANITOBA

We Proudly
. . . . Say



Street Cars and Buses . . . *Are Safe*

Street railway employees have reduced accidents over 60% since 1929. Careful and courteous operation is largely responsible for this. Your co-operation in extending this work will make our streets safer for all.

Ride • Street • Cars • and • Buses

Winnipeg Electric Company

COMPLIMENTS OF

"Prompt
and
Dependable
Service"



TELEPHONE
37 061
(4 Lines)

DYERS and CLEANERS Limited

Fine Tailors and Furriers

YOUNG ST. - (AT PORTAGE) - WINNIPEG



*All that is Best in our
Canadian Coal*

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

CAPITAL COAL COMPANY LTD.

Please note our New Address

246 SOMERSET BLDG. - - PORTAGE AND DONALD

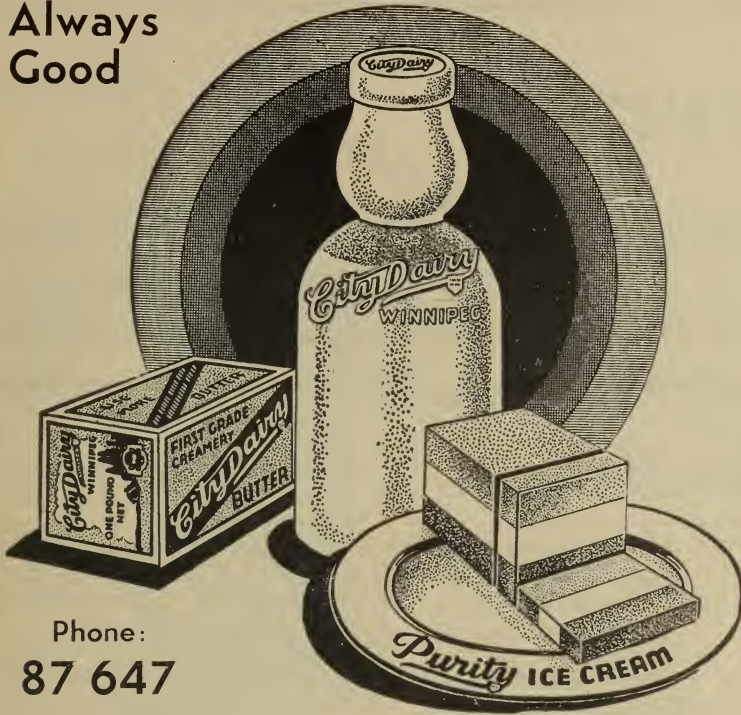
VISIT . . .

Brathwaite's Tea Room

for After Theatre Parties

PORTAGE AVENUE AT VAUGHAN STREET
(Arrangements made for Private Parties)

Always
Good



Phone:
87 647

CITY DAIRY LTD.

Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO, ONT.

A General Banking Business Transacted

- SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
- SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES
- COLLECTIONS, DRAFTS AND MONEY ORDERS

City Branches at MAIN AND BANNERMAN, MAIN AND SELKIRK,
ARLINGTON AND WESTMINSTER, and ST. VITAL

Serving the Public of Winnipeg for More than 50 Years

BENDER*Bootery**Charming
Shoes*

HOSIERY AND BAGS

402 PORTAGE AVE.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Her Future . . .

It is important, above many important considerations that will affect the welfare of your child, to make sure that she will have the education you plan for her, whether you are on hand to see to it or not.

The Great-West Life has a plan that will do just that.

Besides making sure that the funds necessary for school or college will be ready when needed, it also has adequate insurance features covering the earlier years of life. It takes very little to secure these benefits if you invest early. Ask for full particulars.

**THE
GREAT-WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY**
HEAD OFFICE: WINNIPEG

COMPLIMENTS OF

Security Storage Co. Ltd.

725 PORTAGE AVENUE

DOMESTIC SHORTENING

Makes a Better Creamed Icing



DOMESTIC SHORTENING CHOCOLATE ICING

3 level tablespoonfuls Domestic.
3 heaping tablespoonfuls Cocoa.
3 cups Icing Sugar.
1 level teaspoon Salt.
1½ teaspoon Vanilla.

METHOD

Cream Domestic, salt, cocoa and half the sugar. Add sufficient boiling water to make a soft consistency—then add remainder of the sugar and vanilla—cream to a smooth texture.

These quantities make sufficient for a large layer cake.

When next you make cakes or cookies, see what a surprising improvement Domestic Shortening makes. Try it in all pastry. As good as butter, and costs far less. Better than lard for frying because you can use it over and over again—it carries neither taste nor odor. Nor will it smoke at the high temperatures good frying requires.



To make a white icing use same recipe omitting cocoa and adding:

2 teaspoons
Lemon Extract
2 teaspoons
Vanilla Extract

DOMESTIC SHORTENING

PURELY VEGETABLE



FAMOUS HOME-MADE PICARDY CANDIES

11 STORES IN WINNIPEG

*William Penn
Motor Oil*

For POWER and ECONOMY



*North Star
Gasoline*

NORTH STAR OIL LIMITED

41 Service Stations in Winnipeg

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

A. B. GARDINER

178 KENNEDY STREET

FIRST
LAST
ALWAYS

ITS . . .

Birks Dingwall

For

- GIFTS
THAT
ARE
DIFFERENT

Cambridge Riding Club

HUNTERS, JUMPERS AND
SADDLE HORSES
FOR HIRE



*A Safe Place to Learn the Art
of Riding*



WE INVITE INSPECTION



PHONE 44 117 WALTER J. KANE

IS YOUR CHILD FIT TO GO TO SCHOOL . . . ?

Clothing, books, pens and pencils, school bag or book strap—important items of equipment, of course—but the main thing is physical fitness. The burden of learning falls principally upon the eyes—the gateway to the mind.

*Are the eyes of your child all
ready for the schoolday
tasks ahead?*

Mental dullness, nervousness, deficient memory, irritability and general ill health—these are frequent symptoms of eye trouble with children. *Many a child has been regarded as stupid when, as a matter of fact, the mind was bright and active and normal, but the channel to it—the eyes—was defective.*

Robert S. Ramsay

Guild Optician

283 DONALD STREET



call 86391

for ART



PHOTOGRAPHY



PHOTO ENGRAVING

brigdens

BROADWAY FLORISTS

*Fresh Cut Flowers Daily
for All Occasions*



277 PORTAGE AVE.

PHONE 24 180

*The logical step after Riverbend is . . . Western
Canada's Finest Business Training College . . .*

The Dominion

THE PLAN

Individual Instruction . . . a unique plan of instruction built up during twenty-five years' experience in training for business positions. A plan of instruction peculiar to the Dominion Business College, where students are required to work . . . to do a certain amount of work known as a "day's work" each day of attendance, this amount being gradually increased in quantity and variety as the student progresses in his course and as he advances until at the completion of any course he is working as a self-directing individual on his own initiative.

In connection with this plan is a staff that regards itself as a group of helpers to those who will help themselves to learn.



*The Emblem
of the
Efficient School*

**IT PAYS TO ATTEND
A GOOD SCHOOL**



DOMINION BUSINESS COLLEGE

THE MALL - ST. JAMES - ST. JOHN'S - ELMWOOD

FRANK TURNBULL'S SERVICE STATION

BRITISH AMERICAN No. 28

"A Complete Motor Service"

ROSLYN & OSBORNE ST.

PHONE 46 388

AUTOGRAPHS

+

EATON'S is Well Schooled in The Rules for UNIFORMS

We have them in the approved fabrics . . . and sponsored styles for classroom wear. Ties and crests are chosen at school, but it's to Eaton's you come for tunics, blouses, blazers, shorts, calots, berets and bloomers. We contribute to school needs . . . and keep our prices in a comprehensive range.

Girls' Sportswear, Fifth Floor.



THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED



Established 1857

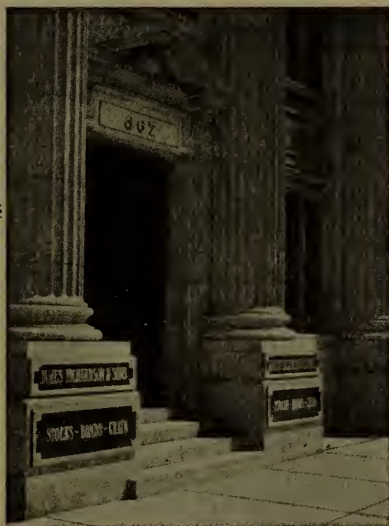
**GRAIN MERCHANTS
SHIPPERS
EXPORTERS**

JAMES RICHARDSON & SONS

LIMITED

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: WINNIPEG

Offices across Canada.



**BONDS - STOCKS - MINES
OILS - COMMODITIES**

Private wires connecting all our offices
throughout Canada and to leading markets.

JAMES RICHARDSON & SONS

MAIN STREET

WINNIPEG

